

The Breitmann Ballads.

The

BY
CHARLES G. LELAND.

COMPLETE EDITION.



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Ad Musam.

“ Est mihi schoena etenim et præstanti corpore liebsta;
Hæc sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herz.
Huic me ergebo ipsum meaque illi abstatto geluebda,
Huic ehrensaulas aufrichto opfroque Geschenka/
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo ”

Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th Century.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN *Hans Breitmann's Party, with other Ballads*, appeared, the only claim made on its behalf was, that it constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. The author consequently held himself bound to give his broken English in a truthful form. So far as observation and care, aided by the suggestions of well-educated German friends, could enable him to do this, it was done. But the more extensive were his observations, the more did the fact force itself upon his mind, that there is actually no well-defined method or standard of "German-English," since not only do no two men speak it alike, but no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or accuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language, or to require that the author should invariably

write exactly the same mispronunciations with strict consistency on all occasions.

The opinion—entirely foreign to any intention of the author—that Hans Breitmann is an embodied satire on everything German, has found very few supporters, and it is with the greatest gratification that he has learned that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer. And if Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance, have been made the medium for what many reviewers have kindly declared to be laughter-moving, let the reader be assured that not a single word was meant in a bitter or unkindly spirit. It is true that there is always a standpoint from which any effort may be misjudged, but this standpoint certainly did not occur to the writer when he wrote, with anything but misgiving, of his “hearty, hard-fighting, good-natured old ex-student,” who, in the political ballads and others, appears to no moral disadvantage by the side of his associates.

Breitmann in several ballads is indeed a very literal copy or combination of characteristics of men who really exist or existed, and who had in their lives embraced as many extremes of thought as the Captain. America abounds with Germans, who, having received in their youth a “classical education,” have passed through varied adventures, and often present the most startling paradoxes of thought and personal appearance. I have seen bearing a keg a porter

who could speak Latin fluently. I have been in a beer-shop kept by a man who was distinguished in the Frankfort Parliament. I have found a graduate of the University of Munich in a negro minstrel troupe. And while mentioning these as a proof that Breitmann, as I have depicted him, is not a contradictory character, I cannot refrain from a word of praise as to the energy and patience with which the German "under a cloud" in America bears his reverses, and works cheerfully and uncomplainingly, until, by sheer perseverance, he, in most cases, conquers fortune. In this respect the Germans, as a race, and I might almost say as individuals, are superior to any others on the American continent. And if I have jested with the German new philosophy, it is with the more seriousness that I here acknowledge the deepest respect for that true practical philosophy of life—that well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism—which enables Germans to endure and to *enjoy* under circumstances when other men would probably despair.

Breitmann is one of the battered types of the men of '48—a person whose education more than his heart has in every way led him to entire scepticism or indifference—and one whose Lutheranism does not go beyond "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." Beneath his unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details which

are identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity. In such a man, the appreciation of the beautiful in nature may be keen, but it will continually vanish before humour or mere fun; while having no deep root in life or interests in common with the settled Anglo-Saxon citizen, he cannot fail to appear at times to the latter as a near relation to Mephistopheles. But his "mockery" is as accidental and naïf as that of Jewish Young Germany is keen and deliberate; and the former differs from the latter as the drollery of Abraham à Santa Clara differs from the brilliant satire of Heine.

The reader should be fairly warned that these poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and even couplets, borrowed to such an extent from old ballads and other sources, as to make acknowledgment in many cases seem affectation. Where this has appeared to be worth the while, it has been done. The lyrics were written for a laugh—without anticipating publication, so far as a number of the principal ones in the first volume were concerned, and certainly without the least idea that they would be extensively and closely criticised by eminent and able reviewers. Before its compilation the "Barty" had almost passed from the writer's memory, several other songs of the same character by him were quite forgotten, while a number had formed portions of letters to friends, by one of whom a few were published in a newspaper. When finally urged by many who were pleased with "Breitmann"

to issue these humble lyrics in book form, it was with some difficulty that the first volume was brought together.

The excuse for the foregoing observations is the unexpected success of a book which is of itself of so eccentric a character as to require some explanation. For its reception from the public, and the kindness and consideration with which it has been treated by the press, the author can never be sufficiently grateful.

CHARLES G LELAND.

LONDON, 1871.



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INTRODUCTION.

BY THE PUBLISHER.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty"—the first of the poems here submitted to the English public—appeared originally in 1857, in *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and soon became widely known. Few American poems, indeed, have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of "Hans Breitmann's Barty;" for the words just quoted have actually passed into a proverbial expression. The other ballads of the present collection, likewise published in several newspapers, were first collected in 1869 by Mr Leland, the translator of Heine's "Pictures of Travel" and "Book of Songs," and author of "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book," Philadelphia, 1856, and "Sunshine in Thought," New York, 1863. They are much of the same character as "The Barty"—most of them celebrating the martial career of "Hans Breitmann," whose prototype was

a German, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never* fought unless something *could* be made. The “*rebs*” “gobbled” him one day ; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. One of the American critics remarks —“ Throughout all the ballads it is the same figure presented—an honest ‘*Deutscher*,’ drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech.”

The poems are written in the droll broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect ; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived : it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants ; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes giss ; company—gompany ; care—gare , count—gount , corner—gorner ; till—dill ; terrible—derrible ; time—dime ; mountain—moundain ; thing—ding ; through—droo ; the—de ; themselves

—demselves, other—oder; party—barty; place—blace; pig—big; priest—breest; piano—biano; plaster—blaster; fine—vine; fighting—vighting; fellow—veller; or, *vice versa*, he sounds got—cot; green—green; great—crate; gold dollars—cold dollars; dam—tam; dreadful—treadful; drunk—troonk; brown—prown; blood—plood; bridge—pridge; barrel—parrel; boot—poot; begging—peggin', blackguard—plackguart; rebel—repel; never—nefer; river—rifer; very—fery; give—gife; victory—fictory; evening—efening; revive—refife; jump—shoomp; join—choin; joy—choy; just—shoost; joke—choke; jingling—shingling, &c.; or, through a kindred change, both—bofe; youth—yout; but mouth—mout'; earth—eart'; south—sout', waiting—vaiten'; was—vas; widow—vidow; woman—voman; work—vork; one—von; we—ve, &c. And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple-leck for a table-leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let-bencil for lead-pencil, &c. The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue *s* like *sh* when it is followed by *t* or *p*, and of Germans of southern Germany often also final *s* like *sh*, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shtraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpre, shpirit, &c.; ish (is), ash (as), &c.; and, by analogy, led to shvêet (sweet), schwig (swig), &c. We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German-American-English

of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms also met with in England, such as the omission of the final *g* in words terminating in *ing* (blayin'—playing; shpinnen'—spinning; ridin', sailin', roonin', &c.) We must, of course, assume that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German.

The reader will perceive that the writer has taken another flight in Hans Breitmann's Christmas, and many of the later ballads, from what he did in those preceding; and exception might be taken to his choice of subjects, and treatment of them, if the language employed by him were a fixed dialect—that is, a language arrested at a certain stage of its progress; for in that case he would have had to subordinate his pictures to the narrow sphere of the realistic incidents of a given locality. But the imperfect English utterances of the German, newly arrived in America, coloured more or less by the peculiarities of his native idiom, do not make, and never will make a dialect, for the simple reason that, in proportion to his intelligence, his opportunities, and the length of time spent by him among his new English-speaking countrymen, he will sooner or later rid himself of the crudenesses of his speech, thus preventing it from becoming fixed. Many of the Germans who have emigrated and are still emigrating to America belong to the well-educated classes, and some possess a very high culture. Our poet has therefore presented his typical German, with perfect propriety, in a variety of

situations which would be incompatible with the narrow conceptions within which the dialect necessarily moves, and has endowed him with character, even where the local colour is wanting.

In *Breitmann in Politics*, we are on purely American ground.

In it the Germans convince themselves that, as their hero can no longer plunder the rebels, he ought to plunder the nation, and they resolve on getting him elected to the State Legislature. They accordingly form a committee, and formulate for their candidate six "moral ideas" as his platform. These they show to their Yankee helper, Hiram Twine, who, having changed his politics fifteen times, and managed several elections, knows how matters should be handled. He says the moral ideas are very fine, but not worth a "dern;" and instead of them proclaims the true cry, that Breitmann is *sound upon the goose*, about which he tells a story. Then it is reported that the German cannot win, and that, as he is a soldier, he has been sent into the political field only to lead the forlorn hope and get beaten. In answer to this, Twine starts the report that Smith has *sold the fight* to Breitmann, a notion which the Americans take to at once—

"For dey mostly dinked id de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall,
For to sheat von's own gonstituents is de pest mofe in de came.
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de saine."

Accordingly, Breitmann calls a meeting of Smith's supporters, tells them that he hopes to get a good place for his friend Smith, though he cannot approve of Smith's teetotal principles, because he, Breitmann, is a republican, and the meaning of that word is plain:—" . . . If any enlightened man vill seeken in his Bibel, he will find dat a publican is a barty ash sells *lager*; und de ding is very blain, dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain." Moreover, Smith believes in God, and goes to church,—what liberal German *can* stand this?—while Breitmann, being a publican, must be a sinner. As to parties, the *principles* of both are the same—plunder—and "any man who gifes me his fote,—votefer his boledics pe,—shall alfays pe regardet ash bolidigal friendt py me." This brings the house down. And when Breitmann announces that he sells the best beer in the city, and stands drinks gratis to his "bolidigal friendts," and orders in twelve barrels of lager for the meeting, he is unanimously voted "a brickbat, and no sardine."

After this brilliant success, the author is obliged to pause, in order to proclaim the intellectual superiority of Germans to the whole world. He gets tremendously be-fogged in the process, but that is no matter.—

"Ash der Hegel say of his system, 'Dat only von mans knew
Vot der tyfel id meant; and he couldn't tell,' und dei Jean Paul
Richter, too,

Who saidt, 'Gott knows, I meant somedings vhen foorst dis buch I
writ,
Boot Gott only weiss vot das buch means now, for I hafe forgotten
it!'"

But, taking the point as proved, our German still allows that the Yankees have some sharp-pointed sense, which he illustrates by narrating how Hiram Twine turned a village of Smith-voters into the Breitmann camp. The village is German and Democrat. Smith has forgotten his meeting, and Twine, who is very like Smith, and rides into the village to watch the meeting, is taken by the Germans for Smith. On this, Twine resolves to personate Smith, and give his supporters a dose of him. Accordingly, on being asked to drink, he tells the Germans that none but hogs would drink their stinking beer, and that German wine was only made for German swine. Then he goes to the meeting, and, having wounded their feelings in the tenderest point,—the love of beer,—attacks the next tenderest,—their love for their language,—by declaring that he will vote for preventing the speaking of it all through the States; and winds up by exhorting them to stop guzzling beer and smoking pipes, and set to work to un-Germanise themselves as soon as possible. On this "dere coomed a shindy," with cries of "Shoot him with a bowie-knife," and "Tar and feather him." A revolver-ball cuts the chandelier-cord; all is dark; and amidst the row, Twine escapes and gallops off, with some pistol-

balls after him. But the village votes for Breitmann, and he "licks der Schmit."

The ballad, "Breitmann's Going to Church," is based on a real occurrence. A certain colonel, with his men, did really, during the war, go to a church in or near Nashville, and, as the saying is, "kicked up the devil, and broke things," to such an extent, that a serious reprimand from the colonel's superior officer was the result. The fact is guaranteed by Mr Leland, who heard the offender complain of the "cruel and heartless stretch of military authority." As regards the firing into the guerilla ball-room, it took place near Murfreesboro', on the night of Feb. 10 or 11, 1865; and on the next day, Mr Leland was at a house where one of the wounded lay. On the same night a Federal picket was shot dead near Lavergne; and the next night a detachment of cavalry was sent off from General Van Cleve's quarters, the officer in command coming in while the author was talking with the general, for final orders. They rode twenty miles that night, attacked a body of guerillas, captured a number, and brought back prisoners early next day. The same day Mr Leland, with a small cavalry escort, and a few friends, went out into the country, during which ride one or two curious incidents occurred, illustrating the extraordinary fidelity of the blacks to Federal soldiers.

The explanation of the poem entitled, "The First Edition of Breitmann," is as follows:—It was not long after the

war that a friend of the writer's to whom "The Breitmann Ballads" had been sent in MSS., and who had frequently urged the former to have them published, resolved to secure, at least, a small private edition, though at his own expense. Unfortunately the printers quarreled about the MSS., and, as the writer understood, the entire concern broke up in a row in consequence. And, in fact, when we reflect on the amount of fierce attack and recrimination which this unpretending and peaceful little volume elicited after the appearance of the fifth English edition, and the injury which it sustained from garbled and falsified editions, in not less than three unauthorised reprints, it would really seem as if this first edition, which "died a borning," had been typical of the stormy path to which the work was predestined.

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation—that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English dialects—to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann.

The readers of more than one English newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited correspondent of the *Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlan as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type; and more than one newspaper, anticipating this volume, has

published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. In several pamphlets written in Anglo-German rhymes, which appeared in London in 1871, Breitmann was made the representative type of the war by both the friends and opponents of Prussia, while during February of the same year Hans figured at the same time, and on the same evenings for several weeks, on the stages of three London theatres. So many imitations of these poems were published, and so extensively and familiarly was Mr Leland's hero spoken of as the exponent of the German cause, that it seemed to a writer at the time as if he had become "as regards Germany what John Bull and Brother Jonathan have long been to England and America." In connection with this remark, the following extract from a letter of the Special Correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* of August 29, 1870, may not be without interest:—

"The Prussian Uhlan of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Châlons, St Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlan makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may

be expected hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester 'was taken by a Scots sergeant and a wench;' but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink, and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accepts everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand light horsemen, and he gallops away; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organisation of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has

ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a 'bummer;' and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr Leland's wonderful ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvanian cavalry by the name of Jost, whose proficiency in 'bumming,' otherwise 'looting,' in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bush-whackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Conederate host."

The present edition embraces all the Breitmann poems which have as yet appeared; and the publisher trusts that in their collected form they will be found much more attractive than in scattered volumes. Many new lyrics, illustrating the hero's travels in Europe, have been added, and these, it is believed, are not inferior to their predecessors.

N. TRÜBNER.

The Breitmann Ballads.

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had biano-blavin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you 'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselves to house ;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer.
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighited mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—

Where ish dat barty now?

Where ish de lofely golden cloud

Dat float on de moundain's prow?

Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern--

De shtar of de shpirit's light?

All gonod afay mit de lager beer—

Afay in de ewigkeit!

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

HANS BREITMANN shoined de Turners,
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
All in de Turner Hall.

Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,*
Und dey blowed on de diooms und stroomed on de fifes
Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,
Und poots him a course of shprouts.
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he 's 'pout half tead '

* *Liederchor* is the word which serves as a basis for this designation.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;
Dey make shimnastig dricks;
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fify-six.
Und den he drows it to de roof,
Und schwig 'off a treadful trink :
De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—
Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwoie
Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
Und Bavarians by de score.
Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
Und *he* vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;
When he open de box it schmell so loudt
It knock de musik doomb.
When de Deutschers kit de flavour,
It coorl de haar on deir head ;
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;
Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;
 De ladies coomed in to see ;
 Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
 All in der gal-lerie.
 Dey ashk : " Vhere ish der Breitmann ? "
 Und dey drempel mit awe and fear
 Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de tocs,
 A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—
 I dells you vot py tam !
 Dey sings de great Urbummellied : *
 De holy Sharman psalm.
 Und vhen dey kits to de gorus
 You ought to hear dem dramp !
 It scared der Teufel down below
 To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners —
 By Donner ! it vas grand,
 Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin
 Und dancin' on deir hand,

* Studio auf einer Reis',
 Lebet halt auf auf eig'ner Weis'.
 Hungrig hier und hungrig dort,
 Ist des Burschens Lobungswort.


This, with the other verses, may be found in the German Students'
Conners-bücher.

Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,
Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey lay dere in a heap,
And slept dill de early sonnen shine
Come in at de vindow creep ;
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
And dey go to kit deir feed :
Here hat dis song an ende—
Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

ER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shper and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a mermaid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood.
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outspoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on ·
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

“ You ’d petter coom down in de wasser,
Where dere’s heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

“ Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin’,
Und you catches dem efery vor :”—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“ Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old ;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“ Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
Shoost see dese diamant rings !
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I ’ll giss you like efery dings.

“ Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine !
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !”

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound ;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on

A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.

DE moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt ;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampfsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Vhen all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy
Vas sittin' in de blace ;
Von tocket a chew tobacco
Und trowed it into her vace.
De voman got coonvulshons,
De papy pegin to gry ;
Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin,
Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger
Katrina Bauer und I,
I openet de lit of mine pasket,
Und pringed out a cherry bie.
A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
"How goot !" Katrina said,
Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,
Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
I gifed him a biece my mind,
I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand
Mit der teufel himself pehind.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
Und peats me plack and plue ;
Und all de plackguards kick me,
Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
Don't know how de rowdies shtrike
Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,
He knows it more ash he like.
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
Are somedimes too hard on dis land,
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's hand!

THE PICNIC.

DE picknock oud at Spraker's wood :—
Id melt de soul und fire de plood.
Id sofly slid from cakes und cream ;
Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender craceful ring,
De gals begoon a song to sing ;
A bland mildt lied of olden dime—
Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

W1's uff der Stross' wenn's finschter ischt,
Und niemond in der Goss' mehr ischt,
Nur Schöne Mädél wolle mer fonga,
Wie es gebil'te Leut' verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker's Wood,
De bier was soft—de gals were good :
Oondil von feller, vild und rasch,
Called out for a Yankee brandy-smash !

A crow vot vas valkin on de vall,
Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call ;
For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks !
Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

De Dootch got ravin droonk ash sin,
Dey smash de windows out und in ;
Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,
Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselves dey floong,
Und a wild infernal lied dey sung :
'Tvas, " Tam de wein, and cuss de bier !
Ve tont care nix for de demprance here !

" O keep a pringin juleps in,
Und baldface corn dat burn like sin ;
Mit apple tods und oldt shtone fence,
Ve'll all get corned ere ve go hence ! "

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,
Und tanz dill 'tvas all to brick-duss ground,
Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,
De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,
Vent squanderin out mit his shell bust in ;
" It 's walk your chalks, you loost your chance,
Dis vot de call der Dootchman's dance."

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,
Vas hear of dese Dootchmens' carryins-on,
Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,
To *pull* dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin mad,
Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had ;
Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,
And each vas tantzin mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,
Some vent to jug for dirty tays ;
Und de von dat kilt de demperance man
Vas kit from de Alderman repriman.

Und dus it ran :—" A warnin dake,
For you mightdt hafe mate soom pig mishdake,
Now how vouldt you hafe feeled, py shing !
If dat man hat peen in de whiskey ring ?


' Since you votes mine dictet, of course you know,
I 'm pound to led you shlide und go.
Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,
For you Dootchmen don't know who to kill."

Now Deutschers all—on dis warning dink,
Und don't get troonk on Yankee trink,
For neider you, or anoder man,
Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,
For if you tried your level best,
You can't be plackguarts—taint in de plood :
Dus endet de shdory of Spraker's Wood.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

A GIPSY BALLAD.

HEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go
bummin aroundt goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin
human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de
Fraentsch boet says: "goin from town to town;" seein
beobles in gemixed sociedy, und learnin dose languages
vitch ornamendt a drue moskopolite, or von whose kopf ish
bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would
appeared, he shpoke fluendly, Red Welsh, Black Dootch,
Kauder-Waelsch, Gaunersprache und Shipsy; und dis latter
languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads
in it,—von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh
droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader
vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation
und lator I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged
dese Shipsy verses properly gorrected; as de only shentle-
man in town who vas culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined
in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin
some hens; und pefore I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas

rooned afay. Denn I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened pooplic, who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe, vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und shpordin circles.

F. SCHWACKENHAMMER.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

Schunava, ke baschno dela godla,
 Schunava Paschomàskro.
 Te del miro Dewel tumen
 Dschavena bachtallo.*

Schunava opré to ruka
 Chirikló ke gillela :
 Kamovála but dives,
 Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste
 Schunava pro gilaviben,
 M'akana me avava,
 Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

* *Bachtallo dschaven* is the prose form. *Vide* Pott's *Zigeuner*.

So korava kuribente,
So korava apre dióm ;
Me kanáv miri romni,
So kamela la lákero rom.

DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin !
I hear de musikant !
Gott gife dee a happy shourney
When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches
A pud mit merry shdrain,
Goot many tays moost fanish
Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
I 'll hear dat song from dee ;
Boot now I goes ash soldier
To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,
Und vot on de road I shdeal,
I 'll pring all to my true lofe
Who lofes her lofer so well.

STEINLI VON SLANG.

I.

DER watchman look out from his tower
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him :
Und he schvear : “ May I lose my next bitter,
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang !
If id isn’t dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

“ De worlde nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath :
You may call me a recular Dutchman,
If he arn’t like Goliath of Gath.
He ish big ash de shiant O’Brady,
More ash sefen feet high on a string,
Boot he can’t vin de hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling.”

De lady make welcome her gast in,
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,
She look like an angel got lost in
A forest of audumn-prown hair.
Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried :
"I wish I may bust mit a bang !
If id isn't a shame she ain't married
To der her-ic-liche Steinli von Slang !

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
While his vace ish ash pale ash de tead ;
Und she whispers oonto him a rédè
Ash mit arrow point accents, she said :
"You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,
You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion aint in me,
De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

"Boot brafelhood teserfes a reward, sir ;
Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.
Sankt Werolf ! medinks id ish hard, sir,
I should allaweil lead you dis dance."
Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,
Dese murmuin accents she flang,
While singin, a stingin her lofer,
Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

“Boot if von ding you do, I ’ll knock under,
Our droples moost enden damit.
Und if you pull troo it,—by donder !
I ’ll own myself euchred, und bit.
I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody !
Py mine honor—und avery ding !
You may hafe me—soul, puttons, und pody,
Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.”

“Und dis ish de test of your power :—
While ve shtand ourselfs round in a row,
You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,
Down shdairs to de valley pelow.
Id ish rough and ash shteepe ash my vutue :”
(Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang :)
“Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you
Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang.”

An moormoor alosed mong de beoples ,
In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,
Der vatchman on dop of de shdleeples
Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
Dey schveared dey wouldt *pass* on de ding,
Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé
For a hoondred like Fraulein von Sling.

II

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,
Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,
Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.
Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,
He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang ;
Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin :
De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,
He see, shoost ahead in his vay,
In sinkular manner a streakin,
A strange liddle bein, in cray,
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,
Cried, " Say, can you change me a thaler,
Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,
(De peggars all knowed him at sight),
So he forked out each groschen und heller,
Dill he fix de finances aright.
Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,
(Der Ritter), astonished cried " Dang !"
For id vasn't *von* thaler boot *twenty*,
He 'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater ! soopose soosh a vlight in
De vingers of *me*, or of *you*,
How we'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin
Dill no von vos left to pursue !
Good Lort ! how *we'd* fioze to de ready !
Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding ;
For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
Dis lofer of Fraulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
To dis part of mine dale, shdill id 's drue,
He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,
Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
Und loudly he after him hollers,
Till de vales mit de cliffs loud rang :
"You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
Hold hard !" cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
Und laidt a cold hand on his pïow,
Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
"Vot manner of mordal art dou ?
I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
Und nefer yed met soosh a ding !
Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and
Peloved by de Lady von Sling !

“Und she vant you to roll from de tower
Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot.”
(Here de knight whom amazement oerbower,
Cried “Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott !”)
Boot de oldt veller saidt : “I ’ll arrange it,
Let your droples und sorrows co hang !
Und nodings vill coom to derange it—
Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

“So get oop dis small oonderstandin,
Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?
You ’ll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin ;
I ’ll also be dere—nefer fear !
Und I dinks we shall make your young voman
A new kind of meloty sing ;
Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
Gott-tamnaple Fraulein von Sling.”

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
White moths und white dofes shimmered round,
All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
Mit perfume und vision und sound.
De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
In a harp-like, melotious twang ;
Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III.

Id vas morn, und de vouldt hat assembled
Mid panners und lances und dust,
Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,
Und ofden her folly she cussed.
For she found dat der Ritter vould *do it*,
Und "die or get into de Ring,"
Und denn she'd pe cerdam to rue it,
Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,
He vas friendet to Hemi von Steier,
Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.
Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders.
How heizlich his braises dey sang ;
"Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders,
For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh ! der goot knight had a Schauer,
Und felt most ongommonly queer,
Vhen he find on de top of de dower
De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
Denn he find he no more could go valkin,
Und shtood, shoost an potrifed ding,
Vhile de goblum vent round apout talkin,
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling

Denn at vonce he see indo de problem,
Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vzm* ;
His soul had gone indo de goblum,
Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang ,
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt ! how he dalked ! Oonder heafens
Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,
Und gifn Plectruda, Dutch fits.
Mein Gott ! how he poonished und chaffed her
Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding ;
While de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
De lady grew ratful und red,
She felt some Satanical jailer
Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
She moost laugh when she vant to pe cryin,
Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,
To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling
Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,
Dill she look moie a vool dan pefore
Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
His laughs made it all apout ring ;
Ash he shveared dere vas noding moie easy
Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und when he cot down to de pottom,
He laugh so to freezen your plood ;
Und swear dat de booms ash he cot em
Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
Boot, oh ! how dey shook at his power,
When he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,
To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang !

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,
Der Steinle vas coom to himself ;
Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,
From dat moment acain vas an elf.
Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person
Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on
De peaudiful Lady von Sling.


Nun—endlich—Plectruda repented,
Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy;
In dime to pe married consented,
Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy,
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang
Mit de inscript—"Dis dime dont refuse ein'—
So endet de tale of Von Slang.

DRESDEN, 1870.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Si liceret te amare
Ad Suevorum magnum mare,
Sponsam te perducerem

—*Tristitia Amoris.* Frau Aventiure,
von J. V. Scheffel

ILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,

Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.

Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words—
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Denn you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.
When you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Dou moost eat apout a peck

A week, of stinging sauerkraut,*

Und sefen pfoundts of speck.

Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar.

Und deuce knows vot in rum:

Dis ish de only cerdain vay

To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Brepere dein soul to shtand

Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt

In any oder land.

Till dou canst make parentheses

Intwisted—ohne zahl—

Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,†

For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Du must mitout an fear

Trink afery tay an gallon dry,

Of foamin Sherman bier.

* *Stinging*. An amusing instance of "Bieitmannism" was shown in the fact that an American German editor, in his ignorance of English, actually believed that the word *stinging*, as here given, meant *stinking*, and was accordingly indignant. It is needless to say that no such idea was intended to be conveyed.

† Then only you will be ready in German.

Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
More Deutsch you 'll surely pe ;
For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
Be sholly, brav, und treu,
For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
Who ish not a sholly poy.
Find out vot means Gemuthlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,*
A brick—ganz kreuzfidel.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shstrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart.
From Schwabenland or Sachsen
Where now dis writer pees ;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty
Denn on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vine green Sherman land.

* In Music and Song all thy life long.

Und if you shoost kit married
 (Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You 'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,
 Ash fast ash you tesire.

DRESDEN, *January* 1870.

LOVE SONG

Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa.



VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-field,
I'd bet my only pence,
It would'nt pe no dime at all
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.
Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises vhen she sings,
De sonnshine vhen she dalk ;
De angels crow und flop deir vings
Vhen she goes out to valk.
So livin white, so carnadine,
Mine lofe's gomblexion show ;
It's shoost like Abendcarmosine.
Rich gleamin on de shnow.

Her soul makes pluses in her sheek
 Ash sommer 1eds de wein,
 Or sonnlight sends a fire life troo
 An blank Kaifunkelstein.

De uberschwengliche idées
 Dis lofe poot in my mind,
 Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
 Of any human kind.
 'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet
 An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual ;
 Und treat mitwhiles to Kummel Schnapps
 De Schoenheitsidéal.

Dein Fuss seind weiss wie Kreiden,
 Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,
 Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden,
 Dein Brust wie Marmelstein—
 Ja—vot de older boet sang,
 I sing of dee—dou Fine !
 Dou 'rt soul und pody, heart und life :
 Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.*

* Thy feet are white as chalk, my love,
 Thy arms are ivory bone,
 Thy body is all satin soft,
 Thy breast of marble stone.

Smooth, tender, pure, and fair.

—Liederbuch Pauls von der Helst, 1602.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

AIR—" *Der Pabst lebt,*" &c.

WIE gehts, my frendts—if you'll allow—
I sings you rite afay shoost now
Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
Der Freyschütz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Where folk trink prandy mate of plooms ;*
Dere lifed ein Yaeger—Maxerl Schmit—
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who
Says, " Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;
If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
Dere'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

" If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
Dere'll pe de donnerwetter loose ;
For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,
Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann."

* Shibovitz.

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
Dat all de shaps togeder met ;
Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;
Boot von shap—Kaspar—saidt, “Ton’t mind ;
I dells you vot—you stoons ’em alls
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls.”

“De magic balls! oh, vot is dat?”
“I cot soom in my hoontin’ hat ;
Dey ’re plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue :
Oh, dem’s de kindt of balls for you

“You see dat eagle vlyin’ high,
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky ;
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him tead ash doonderblix !”

“I ton’t pelieve de dings you say.”
“You fool,” says Kasp, “denn plaze afay !”
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

“O was ist das?” said Maxerl Schmit :
“Vhy ! dat’s de eagle vot you hit.
You kills him vhen you plaze afay ;
Boot dat’s a ding you nix verstay.

"Und you moost go to make dem balls
To de Wolf's Glen vhen mitnigh valls.
Dow knows 't de shpot—alone und late"—
"Oh ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate !

"Boot denn I does not like to co
Among dem dings." Says Kasp, "Ach, 'sho !
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps !"

("Hilf Zamiel ! hilf !")—"Here, dake some moie !"
Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloer,
Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,
Dill Max saidt, "*Nun—ich gehe mit !*"

All in de finster mitternocht,
Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,
Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry
His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,
De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,
Und all the tyfels oonder croundt
Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along : says he,
"Mein Gott ! vot dings ish dis I see !
I dinks de fery tyfel und all
Moost help to make dem magic ball.

“ I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,
Und shtaid mineself in bett to house.”
“ Hilf Zamiel !” cried Kasp ; “ you whelp—
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help ! ”

Denn oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm ;
De howl shoumped oop und flopt his vings
Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot ;
Und hoellisch fire in grimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to ;
Six treadtful shail-pirds mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go ;
De hounds und teer all mate of ponc,
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig ;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,
Boot casted out de pullet balls ;
Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,
De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,
Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's der Duke—
Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look :
"Young mans," to Maxerl denn saidt he,
"Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree !"

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
"Potzblitz !" says he, "dat dove I'll fix !"
He fied his rifle at de *Taub'*,
When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
De gals dey cried, de men dey coossed :
Der Hertshog says, "Id's fery glear
Dat dere has peen some tyfels here !

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei !
Pfui !—die verfluchte Hexerei !
O Maximilian ! O Du
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu !"

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late ;
Says he, " I 'll fix dese dings foostrate :"
Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
Und mate of him a Yægersmann,
Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,
Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife ;
Denn all de beoples gried " Hoorah !
Das ist recht brav ! und hopsasa !"

MORAL.

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood
Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot :
Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*
ibus curantur—if you will.

WEIN GEIST.

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doomplet de soper folk ;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat'!" und "murder!"
Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree ;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voondeis in mine dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life is all a lindens
Mit holes dat show de plue,
Und pedween de finite pranches
Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey vaht dill de windsbraut comet,
To pear dem in Fall atay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rfer,
Where a stein ish of harpe form,
—Jahrtausand in, oud, it standet'—
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,
Soom melodies here peginned,
De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endeth vhere all peginnet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Which units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
Und it burns by waken wein,
In Madchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
Das Absolut ist dein.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Die Speer die er thut fuhren
die ist sehr gross und lang,
Das sollt du glauben mire,
gemacht von Vogelgsang.
Sein Ross das ist die Heide,
das sollt du glauben mir,
Darauf er nun thut reiten,
fuhrwahr das sag ich du.

*Ein schon nerr Lied von dem Mai und
von dem Herbst. 16th century*

I.

PROLOGUE.

BERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,
Von of de pullyest kind ;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat efery dings he peat.

He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei ! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind !

De velleis mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass ;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt :
 "Potztausend ! Was ist das ?"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a ghastly shmile ;
He tidn't toouch de dirt, py shings !
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss ?
 Oh, vot ish man's soocksess ?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings ?
 Und vot ish hobbiness ?
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
 Next dings der pank ish preak !
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
 When ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
 When at his exdra shpeed.

He felled oopon der vheel of coorse ;
 De vheel like blitzen flew !
 Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
 For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
 Id cot so shkared, men say,
 It pounded onward till it vent
 Ganz tyfelwards afay.
 Boot where ish now der Schnitzerl's soui ?
 Where dos his shbirit pide ?
 In Himmel droo de endless plue,
 It takes a medeor ride.

II.

HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

When Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
 Vas quarderred into dwo,
 Und how his crate philosopede
 To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
 He dinked und dinked so heafy,
 Ash only Deutschers can,
 Denn saidt, "Who mightd peliefet
 Dish is de ent of man ?"

“ De human souls of beoples
 Exisdt in deir idées,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
 Mighdt drafel many vays.
In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
 Der Fichte makes pelieve,
Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
 In vhat pehindt ve leave.

“ De shparrow falls ground-downvarts.
 Or drafels to de West ;
De shparrows dat coom afder,
 Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man had not vings or fedders,
 Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
He tont coom up to shparrows,
 But on nests he goes ahét.

“ O ! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts,
 Und nebulozer foam,
By monsdrouz mitnight shiant forms,
 Or vhere red tyfels roam ;
Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
 Peyond creation flee ?
Where e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
 Crate Saindt ! Look town on me !

“ Und deach me how you maket
Dat crate philosopede,
Which roon dwice six mals vaster
Ash any Arap shteed.
Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
Und knock dem oud de shpots.
Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
Und pring id down to dots !”

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
Und oonterwards de dable
He doompelt mit a crash.
Und to him, moong de glasses,
Und pottles ash vas proke,
Mit his het in a cigar-box,
A foice from Himmel shpoke :

“ *Adsum, Domine Breitmann !*
Herr Copitain, here I pe !
So dell me rite *honcste*,
Quare inquietasti me ?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru !”

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl ;

“ *Coarctor nimis*, see !

Siquidem Philistiim

Pugnant adversum me.

Ergo vocavi te,

Ash Saul *vocavit* Sam-

Uel, *ut mi ostenderes*

Quid teufel faciam ?”

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)

Saidt “ *Bene*, dat’s de talk,

Non habes in hoc shanty,

A shingle *et* some chalk ?

Non video inkum nec calamos

(I shpose some bummer shdole ’em),

Levate oculos tuos, son,

Et aspice ad linteolum !”

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk

Which riset vrom de vloer,

Und signed a fine philosopede

Alone, oopon de toor.

De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,

Und oonderneat’ he see :

Probate inter equitibus

(Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloer,
 Und leanet on a post ;
 Und saidt : " If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
 Dat vouldt, mighdt peen a ghosdt ;
 Boot if id pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed,
 Or de soobyectif obyectified,
 I 'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
 Ash vork in iron-steel,
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,
 For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,
 Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
 In learnin' for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he cot oopsettet,
 In shdeerin' left und righdt,
 Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
 Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de voistest of de veadures
In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
Pefore he get oopset.
Some dimes he co like plazes,
Und doorn her, extra-fine ;
Und denn shlop ofer—dis is hot
Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
To make dis 'vention go,
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
He doomplet righdt—he doomplet left,
He hafe a dousand dooms ;
Dere nefer vas a gricket ball
Ash get soosh 'feinal booms.

Boot—ash he 'd shvearet he 'd poot it droo,
He shvear't it moost pe tone ;
Dough he schimpft' und flucht' *gar lästerlich*,
He visht he 't ne'er pegun.
Mit "Hagel ! Blitz ! Kreuz-sakrament !"
He maket de Houser ring,
Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot ! At lasht he cot it,
Und peautifool he goed,
“ Dis day,” saidt he, “ I ’ll ’stonish folk
A ridin’ in de road.

Dis day, py shings ! I ’ll do it,
Und knock dings oud of sight :”—
Ach weh !—for Breitemann dat day
Vas not be-markt mit vhte.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,
Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
I dink, in soper earnest-hood,
Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.
For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
Mein Gott !—boot dey wer’n dry ;
Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
De fery coondry shook,
Und beople’s shkreamt, “ Da ist er !—Schau !
Here cooms der Breitmann, look !”
Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a sighdt !
Vas efer soosh a gry !
Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
Der Breitemann roosh py ?

Oh mordal man ! Why ish idt, dou
Hast passion to go vast ?
Why ish id dat te tog und horse
Likes shbeed too quick to lasht ?
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem,
Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
When pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry
Ash he vent scootin' bast ;
Von derriple, drementous yell ;—
Dat day de virst—und lasht.
Vot ha ! Vot ho ! Why ish it dus ?
Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht ?
Why cooms dat vail of vild deshbaire ?
Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht ?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
Shbeak, soul !—it ish dy biz !
Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
Dey fairly heard him whizz.
When shoost oopon a hill-top point
It caught a pranch ge-bent,
Und like an apple from a shling,
Afay Hans Breitmann vent

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
 Allowin' more or lees :—
Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—a mile or dwo
 He rollet along—I guess.
Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball
 Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
Like made of gummi-lasticum?—
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in,
 No wort der Breitmann shboke.
Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke.
“He rollt de rocky road entlang,
 He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,
You 'd dink he 'd knocked his outsites in,
 Yet nefer break a pone !”

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied
 He seemt not mind de shaps,
Nor mofed oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
De schmell voke oop de boetry
 Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
Und he murmulde de fragmends
 Of an sad romantish song :

“Ash sommer pring de roses
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein ! rothe Waengelein !
Mit wein-glass in your paw !
Ve 'll get troonk among de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw !

“Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring the pill.
Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !
Mit wein-glass in your paw !
Ve 'll get troonk among de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
Boot efer on de vay
He nefer shpeaket no man,
Und nodings else couldt say,
Boot, “ Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !
Mit wein-glass in her paw,
Ve 'll get troonk among de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw !”

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
 Peneat' de eider doun,
 Und sembelet all de doktors
 Who doktor in de town,—
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—
 For Breitmann always says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idéés.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schllinkenschlag,
 Dat vork ash Caféopath,
 Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Who use de milchy bath ;
 Und Korschalitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen,
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills
 Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,
 Und Pumpernickel pills.
 Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
 Und von who shkare tiseases
 Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consouldation,
Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
Who proctise "renovation"
Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
Or dreatet ash a tunce,
Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems
Oopon Breitmann—all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exsception
Of gifin' Schlesier-wein :
For de remedy vas dangerfull
For von who trink from Rhein.
Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,
Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
Und woonderfool to dell,
He coom to his Gesundheit,
Und pooty soon cot vell.
Some hinted at *Natura*,
Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
More newly has pegun ;
Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
Und volk say de end vill pe,
Philosopedal shanges
In de Union Cavallrie.


Gott helf de howlin' safage !
Gott helf de Indi-án !
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan !
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I 'll write anoder lied :
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede !

DIE SCHÖNE WITTWE.

(DE POOTY VIDOW.)

I.

VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.

“ AT pooty liddle vidow
Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name.
Ish still leben on dat liddle shstreet,
A-doin' shoost de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
Und ask 'er how she pe.
Dey lofes her ver' goot liquœr,
Dey lofes her liddle shtore ;
Dey lofes her little paby,
But dey lofes die vidow more.

The author does not know who wrote the first part of “Die Schone Wittwe.” It appeared about 1856, and “went the round of the papers,” accumulating as it went several additions or rejoinders, one of which was that by Hans Breitmann

To dalk mit dat shveet widow,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das beer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply for to zee her."

I..

HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

Oh yes I know die wittwe,
Mit eyes so prite und proun !
She 's de allerschoenste wittwe
Vot live in dis here down.
In her plack silk gown—mine grashious !—
All puttoned to de neck—
Und a pooty liddle collar,
Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
Ho ! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—
You cant pegin to shine
When de lofely vidder cooms along—
Dis vidder ash ish mine !
Ho ! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
You Englishers und sooch.

You cant pegin to coot me out,
Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
Ich hab die schoene wittwe
Schon lange nit gesehen,
Ich sah sie gestern Abend
Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,
Die Augen hell und klar.
Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst—
Pötztausend ! das ist wahr.*


* I had not seen for many days
The handsome widow's face;
I saw her last night standing
By her counter, full of grace.
With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,
With eyes so bright and blue,
I kissèd her full well six times,
Indeed, and that is true.

BREITMANN IN BATTLE.

“TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS DIGNUM
POTUERE ERJAGERE LOBUM.”

“Hiltibraht enti Hadubrant ”

DER FADER UND DER SON.*

“ DINKS I'll go a vightin’”—outspoke der Breitemann,
“It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kits
swordt in hand ;

Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in.”

“If you go land out-ridin’,” said Caspar Pickletongue,
“Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels
prave and young,
Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey'll split you like a clam”—
“For dat,” spoke out der Breitmann, “I doos not gare one
tam !

* This ballad is a parody of Das Hildebrandslied. Consult Wackernagel's Lesebuch, and Das kleine Heldenbuch.

“Ich vill zum Land ausreiten,
Spiach sich Maister Hildeprand.”

“Who der Teufel pe 's de repels, und vhere dey kits deir
sass?

If dey make a run on Breitmann he'll soon let out de
gas;

I'll shplit dem like kartoffels: I'll shlog em on de kop;

I'll set de plackguarts roonin' so, dey don't know vhere to
shtop.”

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py his
side:

“Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it's dime to run and ride;

Vill riden, vill vigheten—der Copitain I'll pe,

It's sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavallrie!”

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to pe seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden' on de creen;

Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand

Says he, “Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein Fader-
land?

“You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your plack-
guart Yankee crew,

You mudsills and meganics! Der Teufel put you droo!

Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your liddle
horn,

Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse”—der Breitmann laugh
mit shkorn.

“Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost mine self
to home?

I 'fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat' my
thoom :

In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman will be
feared

Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere he grayed his
peard.”

“I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him such
a dwist

Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apolitionist!
Your creenpacks, mit your swordt und vatch, right ofer
you moost shell,

Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to h-ll !”

“Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in New
York,

To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de talk ;”
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed deir
sabres dwice,

Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig ding
on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty smack
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit and
crack ;

Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe his
life :

Der Breitmann says : " I guess dem shoomps, you learns
dem of your vife."

" If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,
Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristocrat, and game.
My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll split your
vaggin' tongue ! "

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried — dat oldt gray-
pearded man—

For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat sword he
ran.

All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms oldt
Breitmann pound,

Und shlnged him down oopon his pack and laidt him on
der ground.

" Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep white—if he can,
Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis oldt shentleman ?
Your dime is oop ; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe ;
Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas ? If so, I lets you free." *

* The Republicans in America were for a long time ridiculed by their opponents as if professing to be guided by Moral Ideas, *i.e.*, Emancipation, Progress, Harmony of Interests, &c.

"I don't know nix apout ideas—no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,

Since I 'fe been down in Tixey I kits no books at all;
I 'm greener ash de clofer-grass; I 'm shtupid as a shpoon;
I 'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*.

"Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,

She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;
Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'tvas all a sell—
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell."

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?
Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater
bin?"

Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und shooked him
py de hand;

"Ve 'll hafe some trinks on strengt' of dis—or else may I
pe tam'd!"

"Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop," der younger Breitmann
said;

"I 'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mein
own headt!"

"Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit
a blaster;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisasder."

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide,
Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did
ride.

Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!
Who's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here's mein son,"
says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he kit
down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer so
prown!

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at
one.

"Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art mein
son!"

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child.

Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce und vild.

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so suc-
ceed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S LIED.

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

DER BREITMANN mit his gompany
Rode out in Marylandt.
“Dere’s nix to trink in dis countrie ;
Mine droat’s as dry as sand.

It’s light canteen und haversack,
It’s hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I’d trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve’d trink oontil ve boorst.*

“Herr Leut’nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis land around !
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin’
Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !
Ve hafn’t trinked a bit

* *Gling, glang, gloria*, was a common refrain in the 16th century, in German drinking songs.

“Gling, glang, gloman,
Die San hat ein Panzer an.”

Tractatus de Ebrietate Vitanda.

DIs fourdeen hours ! If I had beer
I 'd sauf oontil I shplit !
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve 'd sauf oontil ve shplit !

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
Coom rattlin' droo de camp ;
" Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere
Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp !
De scouds have found a repel town,
Mit repel davern near,
A repel keller in de cround,
Mit repel lager beer ! !
Gling, glang, gloria !
All fool of lager beer ! "

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !
How Breitmann broked de bush !
" O let me see dat lager beer !
O let me at him rush !
Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
Und is mein var-horse goot ?
To get one quart of lager beer
I 'd shpill a sea of plood.
Gling, glang, gloria !
I 'd shpill a sea of plood.

“Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
One hoonderd strong are ve ;
Who gares a tam for all de odds
Vhen men so dirsty pe.”
And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
Like donder-polts dey fly,
Rash fort as der vild yæger cooms
Mit blitzen droo de shky.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
De moundains, drees, und hedge ;
How left und rite de yæger corps
Vent donderin' droo de pridge.
Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
Vhere not some pridges pe :
All driplin' in de moonlight pearm
Stracks vent de cavallrie.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
Oonheedin' vet or try ,
Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,
Und shparklin' bepples fly.

Ropp ! Ropp ! I shmell de parley-prew !
Dere 's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;
Ve 've got to lager beer !
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve 've got to lager beer !

Hei ! how de carpine pullets klined
Oopon de helmets hart !
Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;
Du alter Knasterbart !
De contrapands dey sing for shoy
To see de rebs go down,
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gay :
Hoorah !—ve 've dook de down.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria, victoria !
De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
And vild husaren shout
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
Und rolled de lager out ;
Und in the coorlin' powder shmoke,
While shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,

A knockin' out de boong.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria ! Encoria !
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
 Vhile yet his hand was red,
 A trinkin' lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.*
 'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
 Along der moundain side ;
 'Tvas dus dey help make history !
 Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
 Gling, glang, gloria ,
 Victoria ! Victoria !
 Cer'visia, encoria !
 De treadful mitnight ride
 Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
 All famous, broad, und vide

* The boot was a favourite drinking cup during the Middle Ages.
 The writer has seen a boot-shaped mug, bearing the inscription,

“ Wer . sein . Stiefel . nit . trinken . kan .

Der . ist . furwahr . kein . Teutscher . man ”

There is an allusion to this boot-cup in Longfellow's “ Golden Legend,” where mention is made of a jolly companion

——“ who could pull

At once a postilion's jack-boot full,
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
 If they could not give him the other one.”

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER.

DER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his
coorse,

He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his horse.

“Dere’s a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak!”

When shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,
There coomed a young orterly gallopin’ fast,
Who gry mit amazement. “Herr Shen’ral! Goot Lord!
Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin’ der ford!”

Der Shen’ral he ooterred no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say “D——n!
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps would set hell in a shiver;
But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:

Ho Sickles! move promp’ly, send down a prigade!
Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.”

Dey spooored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,
But for Breittmann help coomed shoost a liddle too late,
For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bummers de repels coom down :
Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad ;
Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost "*Mutter Goties!*" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
Emer aus Boblingen*—he too vash dere—
Karl of Karlisruh's shot near de fence
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),
Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought
Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash caught ;
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits ;
But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
Dat Breitmann wouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.

* The German equivalent for a native of Little Pedlington. It is a Suabian joke, commemorated in a popular song, to inquire in foreign and remote regions, "Is there any good fellow from Boblingen here?"

“He has more on his pipe* as dem vellers allows,
He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
Dey ’ll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford.”

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oopdone,
Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone ;
Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.
Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman’s great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin’ und vailen’ vas hoor’d,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

* “Sonst etwas auf dem Rohr haben”—something else on the pipe or tube—meaning a plan or idea, kept to one’s self, is a German proverbial expression, which occurs in one of Langbein’s humorous lyrics.

SECOND PART.

I *N dulce jubilo* now ve all sings,
A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.
De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de dreess,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea

Dere's a gry from de guart—dere's a clotter und dramp,
When dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp
Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw ;
Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always do: " Look !
Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !—dere ish Breitmann—his spook !
He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !* * can it pe
Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea ! "

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,
For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

* "*Nom de garce*," as an anagram of *nom de grace*, occurs in Rabelais.

Vas Johannes—der Breitman—der war es, bei Gott!

Coom ridin' to oos-ward, right shtraight to de shpot!
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz;
Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say "Ave Mone!
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea!"

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,

Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,
For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest

In a vlamin' new coat und magnificent vest.
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaisar he bore,
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
Moost hafe proken some pansks on his vay to de sea.

"Id is he!" "*Und er lebt noch!*" he lifes, ve all say:

"Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann!—Hans Breitmann!
Herr Je!"

Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find

Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding behind.
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,
Und dwo silber tea-pods foi makin' his dea,
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
 Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.
 Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.
 Den t'vas "Here's to you, Breitmann ! Alt Schwed" *—*bist*
zuruck ?

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights veek ?
 Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpre
 For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
 Vot he tid ; vot he pass droo—or vot he might seen ?
 Where he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,
 Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und
 shpoons ?

For to all of dem queeries he only rebliēs,
 "If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies !"
 So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe
 Where he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies
 How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir soopies :
 For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant
 Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.

* An expression only used in reference to seeing again some jolly old friend after long absence—"Uns kommt der alte Schwed."

But 'tis vhispered dat vwhile a refofver'll go round
Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found ;
Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder !—not he,
Vhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo vinum, groggio et cibi praesto sunt."

—*Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, Berolimi*
F Berggoid, 1869 Epistola LXXIII, p 63.

D'VAS near de state of Nashfile,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.

Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,
He vould'nt let dem go ;
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore ;
"Crate h—l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,
Can *dis* pe makin war?

Verdamint pe all der discipline !

Verdammt der Shenerál !

Vere I vonce on de road, his will,

Vere wurst mir und egâl.*

“ Oh where ish all de plazin roofs

Dat claddened vonce mine eyes ?

Und where de crand plantaschions

Where ve gaddered many a brize †

Und where de plasted shpies ve hung

A howlin loud mit fear ?

Und where de rascal push-whackers

Ve shashed like vritened deer ?

“ De roofs are shtandin fast and firm

Mit repels blottin oonder ;

De crand blantaschions lie round loose

For Moigan's men to ploonder !

* *Wurst*, literally sausage, is used by German students to signify indifference. When a sausage is on the table, and one is asked with mock courtesy which part he prefers, he naturally replies—“ Why, it is all sausage to me.” I have heard an elderly man in New England reply to the query whether he would have “ black meat or breast.” “ Any part, thank 'ee—I guess it 's *all turkey*.” There are, of course, divers ancient and quaint puns in Pennsylvania, on such a word as *wurst*. Thus it is said that a northern pedlar, in being served with some sausage of an inferior quality, was asked again if he would have some of the *wurst*. Not understanding the word, and construing it as a slight, he replied to his hostess—“ No, thank you, marm, this is quite bad enough.” The literal meaning of this line, which is borrowed from Scheffel's poem of Perkéo, is “ indifferent, and equal, to me.”

De shpies go valkin out und in,
Ash sassy ash can pe ;
Und in de voods de push-whackers
Are makin foon of me !

“ Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
Mein sabre in mein hand,
Dey should drack me py de ruins
Of de houses troo de land.
Dey should drack me py de puzzards
High sailen ofer head,
A vollowin der Breitmann's trail
To claw de repel dead.”

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
Who had théories of Gott :
“ O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on
De vays dat you hafe trot.
You only lifes to joy yourself,
Yet you, yourself moost say,
Dat self-defelopment requires
De réligiôs Idée.”

Dey sat dem down und argued id,
Like Deutschers vree from fear,
Dill dey schmoke ten pfounds of knaster,
Und drinked drei fass of bier.

Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
 Boot Veit he had him denn ;
For he dook him on de angles
 Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,
 Ish known in efery glime,
Und dat to grin und bear it
 Vas healty und sooplime.
"For mine Sout German Catolicks,
 Id vas pe goot, I know ;
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,
 If vonce to shoorsch dey go.

"Boot how vas id mit oders,
 Who dinks philosophie?
I don't begreif de matter,"
 Said Stossenheim : "Denn see.
De more dat shoorsch disgoostet you,
 Und make despise und bain,
De crater merid ish to go,
 Und de crater ish your gain.

"I know a liddle shoorish mineself,
 Oopon de Bole Jack road :
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
 Ash into shoorsch dey goed).

Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay :
Gott only knows vot dings you mightd
Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id's toor—
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey, hid,
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows,
'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried : " O Coptain Breitmann, see,
Die finger Providence."
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,
Says he, " Pe 't hit or miss,
I 'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

" Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
Ve 'll ride to shoorsh to-day,
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
Moost shteal von, rite afay.

Dere 's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
Mit hoises on de loose,
You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
Look out und crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
Rode out py moonen shine,
De cotton fields in shimmerin light,
Lay white as elfenbein.
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
Und men who rode afay,
In de road a-velterin in his plood,
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
"Vhile shtandin at my post,
De guerillas got first shot at me,"
Und so gafe oop de ghost.
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
Said : "Sah—dose grillers all
Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
A dancin at a ball."

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
Ash if his heart tid schvell :
"I'll gife dem music at dat pall
Vill tantz dem indo hell."

Hei !—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride !
De plack man led de vay,
Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer waited for a word
Boot galloped from de gloom,
Und, bang !—a hoonderd carpine shots
Dey fired indo de room.
Oop vent de groans of vounded men,
De fittlin died away :
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots
Troo vindow und troo door,
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
Anoder volley more.
“Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsch !”
Aloudt de orders ran.
“I kess I paid dem for dat shot,”
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
Shone gaily o'er de hill,
All violet plue de shky crew teep
In rifer, pond, und rill ;

All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood ;
All shnowy vite in mornin light
De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

“Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
To drill mit solemn fear ;
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
To pring de beoples here.
Und if it prings guerillas down,
Ve ’ll gife dem, py de Lord,
De low-mass of de sabre, and
De high-mass of de cord.*

“Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,
Du bist ein Musikant,
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
Und buster in discánt,
To dee de soul of musik
All innerly ish known,
Du canst mit might fullenden
De art of orgel-ton.”

“Derefore, a Miserére
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
Und vake be-raiséd yearnin,
Also a holy feel :—

* It was, I believe, Ragnar Lodbrog who, in his Death Song, spoke, about as intelligently and clearly as Herr Breitmann, of a mass of weapons.

Pe referent, men—rememper
Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
Du Conrad—go along de aisles
Und schenk de whiskey aus!”

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
Beethoven, und Méhul,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Sooplime and peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears roon down his fuss ;
Und he sopped out, “Gott verdammich—dis
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss !”*

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,
He maket de rafters ring ;
Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
Like a nightly moanin sea :
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long agone
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifuller efer yet
Around de whiskey goed.

* Is true art-enjoyment.

Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey
 Might indo Himmel win :—
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
 Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

When in de Abendsonnenschein,
 Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
All plack ash night in golden lighdt
 Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
 Mit eye-palls glaring roun,
Who cried "For Gott's sake, hoory oop !
 De reps ish gomin down !"

Und while he yet was shpeakin,
 A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin from de moundain
 Of many a ridersmann.
Und vhide de waves of musik
 Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,
 " Pile out of thar, you Feds !

"For we uns ar' a comin
 For to guv to you uns fits,
And knock you into brimstun
 And blast you all to bits"—

Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,
Der vas order in de band,
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurgin flung,
Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks
Ash if de gods vere young.
So from all de doors and vindows,
Like shpiders down deir webs
De Dootch went at deir horses,
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
Vere in dat pattle rush,
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
Py efery fence and bush.
Ash panthers vight mit crislies
In famished morder fits—
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
So quickly vas it o'er,
O, vhy moost I forefer
Pestain mine page mit gore ?

Py liddle und py liddle
Dey drawed demsels afay,
Oft toornin' round to vighthen
Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
De scatterin gries more shlow,
Und furder troo de forest
Ve heared dem vainter grow.
Ve gife von shout—"Victoria !"
Und denn der Breitmann said,
Ash he wiped his ploody sabre :
"Now, poys, count oop your dead !"

Oh small had been our shoutin
For shoy, if ve had known
Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,
Lay dyin all alone.
Vhile his oldt white horse mit droopin het
Look dumbly on him down,
Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyest dou here
Vhile fightin's goin on ?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
Slow dyin on de eart ;
Of a schloss afar in Baden,
Of his mutter, und nople birt !

Of poverty and sorrow,
Which drofe him like de wind,
Und he sighed, " Ach weh for de lofed ones,
Who wait so far pehind !

" Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains !
Wohl auf—well ofer de sea !
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
Und sings a liddle hymn,
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

" But mordal life ends shortly
Und Heafen's life is long :—
Wo bist du Breitmann ?—glaub'es—*
Gott suffers noding wrong.
Now I die like a Christian soldier,
My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domini !"—
Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
When Stossenheim vas found.
Efen from dose dere lyin
Fast dyin on de ground.

* Where are thou Breitmann ?—Believe it.

Boot time vas short for vaiten,
De shades vere gadderin dim :
Und I nefer shall forget it
De hour ve puied him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
Vas all de funeral knell ;
De ring of sporn und carpine
Vas all de sacrin bell.
Mit hoontin knife und sabre
Dey digged de grave a span,
From German eyes blue gleamin
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
De plessed cross ve made,
Und put it vhere de soldier's head
Towards Germany vas laid.
Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
De cross is goned afay :
Boot Gott will find der reiter
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
Und dinkin of de dead,
Und dinkin of de organ,
To Nashville, Breitmann led.

Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,
He 'd left im gruenen wald.*


De verses of dis boem
In Heidelberg I write •
De night is dark around me
De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten in den Gassen †
Make singen many a song ;
Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !
Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang ! ‡

* In the green wood.

† Students in the streets.

‡ Oh Fatherland !—how art thou far !
Oh Time !—how art thou long !

BREITMANN IN KANSAS.

 ONCE oopon a dimes, goot while afder der var vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest, drafellin' apout like efery dings—"circuivit terram et perambulavit eam," ash der Teufel said ven dey ask him: "How vash you und how you has peen?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say: "Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breitmann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "*Ecce Gallus!* I am dat rooster!" Den der Hans dook a trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, und goes into himself a little dimes und den coomes out again mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
He drafel fast und far ;
He rided shoost drei dousand miles
All in von rail-roat car.

* Full details of this excursion were published in a pamphlet, entitled "Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car," and also in letters wiitten by Mr J. G. Hazzard for the *New York Tribune*.

He knowed foost rate how far he goed—
He gounted all de vile,
Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,
Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
I dell you vot, my poy,
You bet dey hat a pully dimes
In crossin' Illinoy.
Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk
A shtandin' in de car ;
Den ask dem in to dake a trink,
Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
By shings ! dey did it prawn.
When he got into Leafenvort,
He found himself in town.
Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
More goot as man could dink ;
Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
He vent it on de loud.
At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,
He foundt a pully crowd.

He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
But dat 's "blayed out," dey say ;
De vhiskey keg 's de only dings
Dat 's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
To see vot he could hear.
He foundt soom Deutscheis dat exisdt
Py makin' lager beer.
Says he : "*Wie gehts du Alt Gesell ?*"
But nodings could be heard ;
Dey 'd growed so fat in Kansas
Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
Py shings ! I dell you vot,
Von day he met a crisly bear
Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott !*
Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear
Und bleased him fery much—
For efery vordt der crisly growled
Vas goot Bavarian Dutch !

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas !
By donder dat is so !
He ridet oout upon de blains
To shase de boofalo.

He fired his rifle at the bools,
Und gallop droo de shmoke,
Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
Der teufel vas a choke !

It's hey de trail to Santa Fé'
It's ho ! agross de plain ;
It's lope along de Denver road,
Until ve toorn again.
Und de railroad drafel after us
Apout as quick as ve ;
Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
He have a pully dime ;
But 'twas in old Missouri
Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
Und all der nobbs around ;
Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him
Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
Und made his carpine pop !
Ven he shooted at a drifer man
To make de wagon shdop.

A noble *Tribune* shendleman,
Shoost dodged dat pullet's bore,
Und de driver shwore dat soosh a crowd
He nefer druv pefore.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
Droo all dis earthly land,
A vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectify und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie ;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree !

HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

"Hæc est illa bona dies
Et vocata læta quies
Vina sitientibus.

"Nullus metus, nec labores,
Nulla cura, nec dolores,
Sint in hoc symposio "

[*De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforu
ad Mænum, A D 1585.*

ID vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Ghristmas Efe dey
call—

Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik
Hall;

Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Lieder-
kranz

Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin
tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall' mid pushes so nople to pe seen,
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt creen :
De laties vork like teufels dwo tays to scroob de vloer,
Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM ! oop de toor !

Und vwhile dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur tid say,
 Dat Breitmann he vas *liederlich*: ve ant-worded dis-a way,
 Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red:
 "Our *Leader lick* de repels! N.G." (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller baint,
 Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to shvear
 a saint,
 For ve vanted LA GERMANIA;—boot der ardist mit a
 bloonder,
 Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id—und denn poot MANIA
 oonder!

"Now ve moost pe guest-friendlich," said Breitemann,
 said he;
 "Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.
 Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch;
 Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers when you gifes dem freie
 lunsch."

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh weren
 im Hall;
 I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit, peglory'd ball;
 Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve coot oop like
 der teufel in France,
 Und valk pair-wise in, vwhile de musik blayed loudt de
 Fackel-Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out of fits,
Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de lofely
Helmene Schmitz.

He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a peaudiful
solemn shmile,

Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* alla weil.

“*Es toent, es rauschet Saitenklang*—I hear de musik call
Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang—all droo de gleamin' Hall.
O mächt ich schweben stolz und froh—O mighdt I efer pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!—mine Lebenlang by dee!”

Und vaster blay de musik de *Wellen und Wogen* von
Strauss;

Und soom drop into de tantzen, und soom of dem drop *aus*;
Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin'
vloor,

So de shpinners shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey couldn't
shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding*,

Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear some glasses
ring;

Foors mild und sonft in de distants—like de song of a
nightingall,

Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clatterin'—ash de Glück of
Edenhall?

Hei ! how ve roosh on de liquor !—hei : how de kellners
coom :

Hei ! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished de *Punsch*
a la Rhum.

Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant shore—
Like an awful shtorm in de Wælder—vas de dirsty
Deutschers' roar !

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed shoost fify-
dwo,

Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—by doonder
how dey flew !

I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de pool !*

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any roog,
De trompets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere come in a
Maskenzug,

A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,
De maimorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda, doo,
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses
plue ;

* In American-German festivals, cards are sometimes sold by the quantity, which are "good" for refreshments. This is done to avoid trouble in making change.

Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a Roman yoke,
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane Chroc.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der crate,
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate ;
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our heartsen
pleed,
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled
shplendid witz
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely Mina Schmitz :
"Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so
andiquadet?"
"Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapidated!"

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo de
door,
Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin' on
de vloor ;
Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls mit
wings,
Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve laughet
like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn ;
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on a yæger horn,

Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de hall :

“Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten’, mit presents for oos all !”

So ve vollowed him into de *zimmer* so quick ash dese vords
he said,

To kit dem peaudiful presents, all gratis und on de dead ;

Und in facdt a shplendid Wehnachtsbaum mit lighds ve
druly vound,

Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round !

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn—a maedchen
shtraigdt und tall,

She cot a bicture of Cubid—boot she tidnt *see* it ad all,

Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat all de
laties dake :

“Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so
ofden make !”

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria ‘Top, did cot,

A schwingin’ mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot ;

Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,

For he kit a yellow gratele mit a liddle vooden Hans

Denn next Beethoven’s Sinfonie, die orkester tid blay ;

Adagio—allegro—andante cantabile.

Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,

Und de deers roon town der Breitmann’s sheeks, mitwhiles
he vas trinkin’ schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung by de
Liederkranz,
Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed me
oop for a tantz ;
Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel—we shriek de volk on de
vloer ;
Und boost right indo de sooper room—for ve tanzt a
hole droo de door !

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered, Mann
und Weib ;
“ Rip Sam und sed her oop acain !—ve're all of de Shack-
daw tribe ! ”
Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und peg oos
to shtop our din,
Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins marchin'
in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins—dey goed to de end' der
hall,
Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns—dey rolled at
em mit a ball.
De balls vas paintet peaudiful ; dey was vifdeen feet
aroundt ;
Und de rule ov de came : “ whoefer cot hidt, moost doomple
on de croundt.”

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins—sometimes de oder volk—
 Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke ;
 Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-nearly
 shplits,
 Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de Mina
 Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed on,
 Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas tone !
 How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on de
 roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm* : *
 Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de
 sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for gespickter
 hare,
 Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod,—kaviar :
 Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which
 lofely shine,
 Und oh, mein Gott im Himmel ! *how* we goed for de Mosel-
 wein !

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker shtill cot
 ve,
 In rosy lighdt shtill diivin on agross a fairy sea ;

* Breitmann and bride-man, breit and krumm (bude and groom), or broad and crooked, etc.

Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish !
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt de tish.

I 'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—boot nefer von
like dis ;

De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss.

De vhide in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-harps
rang

A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinweinbechers' Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of honey'd rhyme—

De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime ;

Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin'
mead :—

Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's Weih-
nachtslied !

BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.

DER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
Ash dreimals honored gast.
“Led’s see de sighdts ! In self und worldt,—
Dere’s ‘sighdts’ for him, to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermogen hat,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin’,
Of Offenbach (der *open brook*),
His show spiel Belle Heléne.
“Dere’s Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—
Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes drie :
I always like sooch *brooks* ash dese ;”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
Which Mishder Astor bilt :
Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,
Und some vere pound und gilt.
“Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
De pest tressed vellers guilt de most :”—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,
Who 'd shanged his flag und doon,
Und crowed oopon der oder side,
Dat very afdernoon.
“De anciends vorshipped wettercocks,
To wetter *fanés* pent de knee ;
Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow !”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker's hause,
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
He only vant a pig red shield
Hoong oop pefore de toor ;
One side of red, one side of gold,
Like de knighds in hisdorie—
“De schildern of dat schuld is rich,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
Of frames wort' many a cent,
De broperty of a shendleman,
Who oonto Europe vent.
"Dont gry—he 'll soon pe pack again
Mit anoder gallerie :
He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,
To see his furnidure,
Sold oud at aucdion rite afay,
Berembdory und sure.
"He geeeps six houses all at vonce,
Each veek a sale dere pe,
Gotts ! vot a dime his vife moost hafe !"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
Long dimes dey roamed apout,
Von veller had a pran new sort,
De fery latest out.
"Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself
De shmell ish oldt to me ;
De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,
De prandy make dem creep,
A trop of id's enough to make
A brazen monkey veep.
"Dey say a viner house ash dis,
Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
Crate Gott!—vot *can* dey mean to trink?"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
Dey saw vrom haus to haus,
Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,
Vive hoondred awful rows.
"If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
Could *von* crate pattle pe,
Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,
Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,
In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
In winter among de showers.
"Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
De last sensadion shtyle,
'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep
To see his "awful shmile."
"Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er
Vas in Théologie,
Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsch,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent into a shpoidin' crib,
De rowdies cloostered dick,
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock.
Und dat infernal quick.
Der Breitemann draw'd his 'volver oud,
Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
"Id's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedin's next,
Dey hear dem rant and rail,
Der bresident vas a forger,
Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
He does it oud of cratitood,
To dem who set him vree :
"I'ds Harmonie of Inderesds,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard witch,
A plack-eyed handsome maid,
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes—denn
“Fife dollars, gents !” she said.
“Dese vitches are nod of dis eart’,
Und yed are *on* id, I see,
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell.”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
Der vaiter coot a dash ;
He garfed a shicken in a vink,
Und serfed id at a vlash.
“Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot
Und roon mit poulderie,
He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,”
Said Breitemann, said he.


Dey vented to de Voman’s Righds,
Where laties all agrees,
De gals should all pe voters,
Und deir beaux all de votees.
“For efery man dat nefer vorks,
Von frau should vranchised pe :
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,
De sighds vere here—de sighds vere dere—
Und de vorldt vent on forefer.
“De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

I.

I.—THE NOMINATION.

HEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-wice
vings

Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery
dings ;

Und heroes vere revardt, de beople all pegan
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breitemann

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or vhere der fore shlog
came,

Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin' shame :
“ Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—potzblitz ! can
dis dings be !—

Und Breitemann he hafe nodings : vot sighds is dis to see !

“ Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitemann ! ish *dis* do pe de
gry

On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high und
dry ?

By meine Seel' I shvears id, und vhat's more I deglares
id's drue,
He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our, und shtripped
id strumpf und shoe.

“Vhen dey ploondered de down of Huntsville, I dells you
vot, py tam !
He burned oop four biano-fords and a harp to roast a
ham ;
Vhen he found *dé rouge* und *émail de Paris*, which de laities
hafe hid in a shpot,
He whited his horse all ofer—und denn pinked his ears, bei
Gott !

“Vhen he found dat a blace was ploonder-fool, he always
tell dem, suie :
‘Men, sack und pack ! I shoots mine eyes for only shoost
an uhr.’
Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit a solemn
mien :
‘Men—I only shleep for von half uhr more—ve *moost* hafe
tiscipline.’

“He was shoost like Kœnig Etzel, of whom de shdory
dell,
Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinin
hell ;

Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow where Etzel's
horse had trot,
Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go, de hops shpring
oop, bei Gott!"

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds
aroundt,
Und vhen dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was rings
aroom be-foundt ;
Dough *vhy* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no means
glear,
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all
abbear!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent nicht
blainly see
Vhy a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus revartedt pe :
Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in
a stohr,
Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—somedings
more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense ve couldn't no means
shtand,
From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople captain
grand :

Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman deplores ;
 So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*, und shmysed him out
 of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a nomi-
 nation

To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings off de nation ;
 Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe great
 hoves,

Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und derefore
 knew de robes.

2.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas proto-
 collirt,

By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce studiret ;
 Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid say
 Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first Morál
 Idée.

Und de secondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve rings,
 Vas dat government for every man moost alfays do efery
 dings ;

Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbecially ve gall,
 Ish to do nitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays keeb in
 flew,
 Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likewise de Goot und
 Drue ;
 Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to present,
 He most get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's gostin' a
 cent *

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on eart',
 Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife gebirt'—
 Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic tocuments
 Vhich he can grap or shtear vill sendt—franked—mit his
 gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery vell ish known
 Dat mind ish de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott has
 shown,
 Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte dot'
 abbear—
 He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lagerbier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Mishder
 Twine,
 De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine :

* This refers to the passage of bills in the Legislature of a state by means of bribery. In Pennsylvania, as in many other states, bills which have "nothing in them"—*i.e.*, no money—are rarely allowed to pass.

Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—a tarnal tall
concern ;

Boot dey hafe some liddle trawpacks, und in fagdt weren't
worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans allow—
Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir hats und
pow—

He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some nodions of
his own,

Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as vell vas
known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as sure as born,
Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle endt der
horn,

Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders—dis maket oos laugh,
py shink !

So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota bene*—after a
trink !

3.—MR TWINE EXPLAINS BEING “SOUND UPON THE GOOSE.”

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann sot
he :

He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hishdorie ;
Und pefore him, on de tische, was—vhere man alfays
foundt it—

Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Boemisch glass around it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmänn spoke he maked no
sbeech or sign !

De nexd remark vas, *Zapfet aus !*—de dird vas, “ *Schenket
ein !*”

Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgraefler wein—dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to de-
nounce

Dat as Coptain Breitmänn suited oos egsockdly do an
ounce,

He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more ecksh-
blain :

Der Breitmänn dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt,
CHAMPAGNE !

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mitwhiles vent
on do say,

Dat long instruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of
tay;

Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any use
Vas shoost to dell to efery man he's *soundt oopon der*
coose.

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos bekannt,
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oondershtand,
And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace pefore de
wars :

Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass aroundt
cigars.

" Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennsyfanien's Shtate,
All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce depate,
'Tween vamilies mit cooses, und dose vhere none vere
foundt—

If cooses might, by common law, go squanderin' aroundt?

" Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit cooses, und vere poor,
All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und cerdain
sure ;

But de coose-holders teklare a coose greadt liberdy tid need,
And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon-Christian
teed.

“Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,
Of arisdograts who kep'd no coose, pecause, twas nod
shendeel :
Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese shouldt on deir pafe-
mends bass,
So dey shoined de anti-coosers, or de oonder lower glass !”

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out: “Dis shdory goes to
show
Dat in poledicks, ash lager, *virtus in medio*.
De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floads high inteed ;
Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Sharman
lied.*

Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und drecks,
ve see,
Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sympathie.”
“Dis is very vine,” says Mishder Twine, “vot here you
indrotuce :
Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de
coose.

“A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run
Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat' de
sun ,

* “Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille.”

For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes ago,
Und Horrisbug need safin' mighty pad, ash all do know.*

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose-man anoder veller rose,
Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders came
to plows ,
Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his friendts wouldt vink
so loose,
Und whisper ash dey dapped deir nose : '*He's soundt oopon
de coose !*

"'He's O. K. oopon de soobject : † shoost pet your pile on
dat :
On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot it fat.'
So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople foundt
On *whitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful soundt.

' Und efer in America, hencevorwart from dat day,
Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashon vas to say—
Likes well in de Kansas droples—de shap who tid not
refuse
To go mit de beoples ash wanted him, vas soundt oopon
der coose.

* Harrisburg is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania.

† In a certain edition of the Breitmann Ballads, this phrase is said to have originated in 1845. In 1835, I heard it said that General Jackson in a letter spelt all correct "*oll korrekt*," and this I believe to be the *real* origin of the expression."—C. G. L.

“Dis shdory’s all I hafe to dell,” says Mishdei Hiam
Twine ;

“Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on dis
line.”

De volk who of dese boledics would oder shapders read,
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breitmann’s
Lied.

II.

4.—HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE REPORTED
TO BE LOG-ROLLING.

ID hoppenet in de yar of crace, when all dese dings
pegan,
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd
der Breitemann,

Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so moosh dat
beoples say
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—Gott weiss in vot a
vay!

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—vhitch look shoost like
a bruder—

Dat vhen Twine vas vork on any side der Schmit vas on
der oder:

A fery gommen dodge ish dis mit de arisdocracie;
So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for de familie!

Nun, goot! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas cerdain on dis hit
Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder Schmit;

Und Schmit, I criefto say, exclaimed: "Gaul darn me for
a fool,
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and rake the eternal
pool!"

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash brifate ash could pe,
Whitch Breitmann wried long ago to friendts in Ger-
many;
Und dey brinted dem in efery way to make de beoples
laugh,
Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat "sports" call "slasher-
gaff."

Dere-to—as vash known py shoodshment und glearly ascer-
tained,
Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und schwind-
lin' fiendt—
So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbcech to make
pegan,
Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder man.*

Boot de ding that jam de hardest on de men dat bull de
vires,
Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood pedween dwo
heafy vires,

* This incident, and the one narrated in the preceding verse, are
literally true.

Vas, peacuse he vas a soldier—von could see id at a
clanse—

Dey had pud him in a tisdng't vhere he hadn't half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten ish more prafe ash oder mans,
Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in de vans ;
Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honor shuict,
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're cerdain to be
licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de dird or secondt
heat,

Dat a soldier in dis tisdng't had been poot oop und beat ;
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to vork :
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward mit a
yeik.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding seemed doubt-
enful,

Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de bull,
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe pecan,
Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight* unto der Breitemann !

He fix de liddle tedails—how moosh der Schmit hafe got
For sellin' out his barty to let Breitemann haul de pot ;
Und he showed a brifate ledder from Breitemann to Schmit,
Vhere he bromise him for Congress if he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder; for der Copitain Breitemann

Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompogks since virst his life pegan :

He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de ploonder-und-morder line,

Boot vas hoockleperry-persimmoned mit dese boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate—mit de Mericans pest of all,

For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall ,

For too sheat von's own gonstituents ish de pest mofe in de came,

Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same.

5.—HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING.

Dere's nodings in dis vorltdt so pad, ash all oov us may learn,

Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock should dake a doorn ;

So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin und
Schmit,

Gontrified ad shoost dis yooncture do make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche burgers
all

(N.B.—Dish ish not mean *plackarts*, boot de pills dey shtick
on de vall),

To say dat a Massenversammlung—or a meeding of all de
masses—

Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd of de Shar-
man classes.

Now dey gife de brining of de pills to a new gekommene
man,

Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash Repoob-
lican :

Gott im Himmel weiss where he'd hid himself on dis free
Coloompian shore

Dat he scaped de naturalizationisds, und hadn't found out
pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tifference he
Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid see,
Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer ; so he dook shoost
vot seem pat

To make de poster handsome—likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs grows oop to
vings !

How often shoost from moostard seet a virst-glass pusiness
shprings !

Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de Hollanders hafe
said :

Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann caved in der Schmitsy's
head.

6.—BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so mooch put
apout,

Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt ;

'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy change deir
lodge,

Und, pein awfool smart demselfs, pelieve in efery dodge.

When de meeding vas gesempld, und dey found no Schmit
vas dere,

Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* eistaunished air ;

But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a vink dere
ran,

"When pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain Breite-
mann !

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem : "He could nichts vell
exbress

De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—de wonnevol hoppi-
ness—

To meed in friendtlich council and glasp de hand of dose,
Who had peen mit most oonreason und unkindtly galled his
foes.

"Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin' eart'—he vould say it dere
und denn—

Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh imbardial
men,

So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,
Ash to gome und liden vairly to a voe in poledicks ;

"Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—for he feeled id in his
soul

Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem vere de same oopon de
whole ;

But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners oppor-
tunes"—

Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly, "Shpoons !"

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him : "If *shpoons* our
modifes pe,

Dere's nod a man pefore oos who lossed a shpoon by me :

Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten mit,
*Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishder
Schmit."*

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raise der tyfel's dust,
Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplounded on a bust ;
Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin' saw a ring as round
as O ;
So dey boked each oder in de ribs und said, "I dold you
so !"

For dis d'lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city milk,
Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen silk,
Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin' locks, und de locks vere
ready cut ;
Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy dake de
butt !

Denn Breitmann he crack onward : " If any 'lightened man
Vill seeken in his Bibel, he'll find dat a publican
Is a barty ash sells lager ; und de ding is fery blain,
Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

" Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreeen mit
De demprance brinciples I hear dishtriputet to Schmit ;
Boot dis I dells you vairly, und no one to teseife—
If I were Schmit, I 'd pliefen shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

"And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might mention in
 dis shpot,
 Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit peliefe in
 Gott ;
 Und also dat he coes to shoorsh—mit a brayer-book—for
 selfadion :
 I would not for die welt say dings to hoort his repudadion.

"Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,
 So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtooddy divinidy :
 I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,
 Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republican-di-
 date !

"Ash Deutschers say—und Yankees doo—vhen der wein
 ish in der man,
 So ish oopon de oder part, de wise-hood in de can,
 Vhitch biofes dat wein und wise-hood ish all de same, py
 shinks !
 Und de only real can-didate ish der veller ash coes for
 trinks !

"Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare here in dis
 hall—
 Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may pefall—
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his boledics pe—
shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py me."

(Dis voonderfol condescension pring down drementous
applause,
Und dose who catch de nodion gife most derriple hooraws ;
Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtandin' near de
door,
Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so moosh
sense pefore.)

“ Dese ish de brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch I run :
Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of de 'ternal
sun :
Boot if you ton't approve of dem—blease nodice vot I
say—
I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

“ Und undo my Demogratich friendts I vould fery glearly
shtate—
Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds to hold a long
debate—
Dat dere's no man in de city who sells besser liquor
ash I.
Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* vhenefor mine friendts
ish try.

“ *Ad finem*—in de ende—I moost mendion do you all,
Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a-gomin' to dis hall :

Dere ish none of mine own barty here, bot we 'll do mitout
deir helfs ;
Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot if ve
trink it all ouselfs."

Soosh drementous up-loudation pefore was nefer seen,
Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a brick-
pat, und no sardine ; *
Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin', " Hobe you wurd
sookceed !"—
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

* "No more interlect than a half-grown shad," is a phrase which occurs, if the author remembers aright, in the Charcoal Sketches, by J. C. Neal. The Western people have carried this idea a step further, and applied it to sardines, as "small fishes," all of an average size, packed closely together in tin cans and excluded from the light of day. A man who has never travelled, and has during all his life been packed tightly among those who were his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore a "sardine."

III.

PARDT DE VIRST.

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL
SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

THERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe
oondershtand,
Deutschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis land,
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst make
be-knownn,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from
Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisiply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der
Rhein,
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople to
mark,
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin' from de ark;

Und shtill wider—in de peginnin', mitout de leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de voiltd herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid ofden
shbeak,

De mythus of name rebeats itself—whitch see in his
"Symbolik,"

So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
Was coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche
Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch—how voonderful it
ron,

Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und der
Sohn,

Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason whitch now
ish plain,

Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round to der
Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windoong ish so teep and broad
and tall,

Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh
dem at all,

Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe
inteed,

Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here Breit-
mann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system—dat only von mans
knew,
Vot der tyfel id meant—und *he* couldn't tell—und der
Jean Paul Richter, too,
Who saidt: "Gott knows I meant somedings vhen foorst
dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now—for I hafe
fergotten it!"

Und all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your nose,
Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he him-
self soopose,
Und his tiffarence mit de over-again vorldt, as I really do
soospect,
Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*—und lesser intellect.

Yct oop-righty I confess it—mitout ashkin' vhy or vhence,
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown sharp-
pointet sense,
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line,
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

PARDT DE SECONDT.

SHOWING HOW MR HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF"
ON SMITH.*

Vide licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone vouldt pe
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a majority,
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt
make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutscheis, von und all, dey all go von
on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass, dat in dis little town,
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit
coom down,
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to deach—
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains)—und telifer a pooplic
shbeeck.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish peen
shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe known,

* The incident narrated in this part, is told in Pennsylvania as having occurred to a well-known politician, who bore the sobriquet of "With all due deference," from his habit of beginning all his speeches with these words.

Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,
Dat he 'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how dings vas
go.

Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout,
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out,
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls—dis liddle meeding dere,
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum* :—shoost suit him to a hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars pegin to
plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 'twas dime to
dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin'—und dey saw und dinked
dey know'd,
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de road,
Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so blain,
Dey donnered out "Hoorra for Schmit!" enof to make it
1ain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oop shdardet
too his vit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips!—vhot if I couldt bass for
Colonel Schmit!

Gaul darn my heels I'll do it—and go the total swine,
Oh soap balls!—*what* a chance!" said dis dissembulatin'
Twine.

Denn 'twas "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!"
rings aroom on efery site,
Und "First-rate—how dy do, yourself?" der Hiram
Twine replied,
Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink"—boot dey find id
mighdy gueer,
When Twine informed em none boot hogs would trink dat
shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for Sharman
wein,
He dinks it vas erfunden exbressly for Sharman schwein,
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in de
name,
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do de
same.

Dese bemarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as vell
receife,
Ash cats in a game of den-pins—ash you may of coorse
peliefe,
De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen degrees,
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin' of de
drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Where he maket de crate oradion whitch vas so moosh to
 blease dem all,
Und dis vay he pegin it: "Perfore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het-Dutch, shouldt
 know.

"Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only fair,
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk and
 square;
Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill plank de
 facts—
I tont go round slanganderin' my friendts behind deir
 packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,
When I say I can't apide de sound of your groonting *shi-*
 shing Dootch,
Should I in de Legislatudure as your slumgullion stand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis 'versal
 land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should pe
 led,
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de head;

Und I'm sure dat none vill atvocate id's use in pooplic
schools,
Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal, sau-kraut eadin'
fools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make a liddle
pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin' eyes—sechs hundert shdarin'
chaws!
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen—von faindly dried to
hiss:—
Und von saidt: "Ish id shleeps I'm treamin'—Gottstau-
send !—vhot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,—boot boldly vent
ahet,
"Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt here pe set;
Shdop goozlin' bier—shdop shmokin' bipes—shdop rootin'
in de mire,
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselves:—dat's all dat I require."

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder !—go—shlog him on de
kop!

Hei! shoot him mit a powie-knifes !—go for him, ganz and
gar!

Shoost tar him mit some fedders !—led's fedder him mit tar!

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oopkicket pefore,—
Some roosh to on-climb de blatform,—some hoory to festen
de toor,—

Von veller vired his refolfer—boot de pullet missed her
mark,

She coot de cort of de shandelier—it vell—und de hall vas
tark!

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he couldt
shoomp!

Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de
boomp!

Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet
shoost oudside!

Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's ride!

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain
deer,

Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins—boot dey only
could be-mark

Von climpse of his white ober-coat—und a clatterin' droo
de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen mit,
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from
Schmit!

Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a lump ash
ran,

So—*nemine contradicente*—dey vented for Breitemann

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before der Schmit vas
know,

Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,

Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash Hiram
Twine had done,—

Nota bene: he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's vas pusi-
ness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage hat
peen dricked,

He swore bei Leib und Leben, dat he'd rader hafe peen
licked,

Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und 'twas petter
to pe a schwein,

Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat lyin'
Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of dis land,
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin' oop his
hand,

Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot—vitch
phrase ish all de same,

n de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.
Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrlichkeit—also de Yankee
 “wit:”—
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.


“ Bjór foen ek thér,
Brynthings apaldr !
Magni blandinn
Ok megentiri,
Fullr er hann ljoda ”
—*Sigrðrífurnál.*

“ Beer I bear to thee,
Battle's great apple-tree !
Mingled with might
And with bright glory,
All full of song.”
—*The Edda.*

I.

THE VISION.

“Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Fiantchman who asket if a Sherman could hafe *esprit*. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater will find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe a *spre* goot many dimes. You gant ged rount de Dootch.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

TTTS blitz ! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod !
Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth ?
Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,
Trowin dead light on eart acain :—
Ja !—wide im nord om Odin shtone
Lies a shiant form im glare alone,

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein
Where bloody Druids omens trew
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew ;
Or where der Norseman long of yore
Vas carven eagles on de shore,
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
Und crows valk round knee teep im plood,
While rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay ;
Dere—ten pottles troonk—Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
Schnell ash Mjöllner's bang und beat
Heaved de form from het to veet,
While apofe him in de shkies
Dere he saw a glorie rise,
Und im mittle von it all
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wölfen glare
At de Aesir in de air,
Long mit schneerin bären grin
He toorn his nase auf und hin

(For ne'er a Sherman—tam de otts—
 Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),
 Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he
 A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,
 To his fader Gotts he set:
 "Let your worts of wisdom shlip;
 Rush your runes, und let 'em rip!
 For you de gotts hafe efer pe
 Of dose who vere ash gotts to me:—
 Alt Thor der Thören here pelow—
 Vot hell you vants,* I'd like to know?"

Antworded ash de donner clangs,
 Der fader of de iron bangs:
 "De gotts will let de hell dogs go,
 Und raise damnation here pelow;
 Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
 De rifers ten dat roon troo hell
 To telle dis I comme dence,
 Dou lord of lion impudence.

* Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash *chvearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refieweis vot refiewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a anscendental philological stand-point.—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

“Drafeller ! I know dee vell !
Breitmann improturbable !
When on eart I hat my shy,
Breitmann of dat age vas I.
I schwear py Thor ! so crate und gay,
I smashed de Jötuns in my tay,
Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime
Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

“Now ve lets de eagles vly
Skreemin troo de vlamín shky,
Our own specials —dare nod laugh ;
For in de London *Telegraph*,
A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
For hop vhat may, he’s *always dere* !
Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan’s name.

“Und all dou e’er on eart has done,
From oop gang oontil settin sun,
Vill pe ash nix—I schwear py Thor !
To vat dou ’lt do in dieser war ;
Plazin roofs und mordered men,
Hell set loose on eart again ;
Rush und ride in shtorm und float,
Cannon roarin, pools of bloot ;

Deutschland mad in fool career,
Led py dy Uhlanan speer.
Hell's harfest—sheafs of fictorie,
Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee!

“Ja! On many a dorf und disch,
Dou shalt pring a requisish;*
Dwendy dimes de Fräntscher men
Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain—
All dose dwenty dimes in von,
Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein
Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

“Go!—mit shpeer und fiery muth!
Go!—mit durst for bier und blut!
Go!—mit lofe for Vaterland,
Into burning fury fanned:


* *Requisish*. An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmänn had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quartermaster. She had “confiscated,” or “foraged,” or “skirmished,” as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. “I cannot let you have the whip,” said she, gravely, “as I need it for military purposes; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government.”—C. G. L.

Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
Where der Uhlan ist peen gone,
Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame
To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,
Und hours vent on und time goed py
Vot heardest dou, Napolium ?
De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom !
Ven you hear de sound of de droom,
Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,
De treadful roarin Dootch, mit de droom
Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pun !
De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,
Mit cannon roar und patlle hum,
Mit fee und faw on de foe und fun !
Led py de awful Breitemum !
Bitty boom !! BOOM !!

II.

BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.


 HO vas efer hear soosh voonders,
 Holy breest or virshin nonn?
 As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,
 Vhen he hoont an air-ballon.

Der Bizzy* und der Dizzy,†
 Mit Lothairingen und Lothair,
 Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,
 Who vent kitin troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,
 In eighdeen sefendee,
 Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,
 By monden light vent he.
 In fillages deserted
 He hear de Uhu moan;
 For you always hear der Uhu ‡
 Where der Uhu-lan ish gone.

* Bismarck.

† Disraeli.

‡ *Uhu* An owl—the bird of kn-owl-edge

Alone *allonsed* * der Uhlan,
 Boot nodings could he find
Safe whitey clouds a drivin
 In moonshine fore de wind.
Boot ash he see dese cloudins
 He bemark dat *von* vas round,
Und inshtead of goin oopwarts
 It kep risin towards de ground.

“ Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?
 Some planet, py de Lord!
Too boor to life in heafen,
 Coom down on eart to poard;
Und pelow it schwing tree engels—
 Two he-vons mit a wench.
Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
 Can dose pe, dalkin Fräentsch!

“ I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
 Dat oop in heafen—py tam!
De engels dalk in Sherman,
 Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.

* *Allons.* Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America, they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go*. Pronounce *allon'a*.

O nein—es sind kein engeln
Vot sail so smoo fly on,
Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
In einem luft-ballon ! ”*

Hei ! how der Breitmann streak it
Ven vonce he kess de trut' !
He spurred id like de wild fire
Of hope in early yout'.
Troo de weingarts like der teufel
Vhen he shase a lawyer's soul ;
Down der moundain mit his lanze
Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,
Troo de village he ish gone ;
Dog-barks die out pehind him,
Oders bark ash he come on.
Liddle heedet he deir bellin,
Liddle mind der Hahnen crow ;
Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,
Clotter, clodder, on he go.

* “ O no, those are no angels
Which sail so smoothly on.
O no—they're curséd Frenchmen,
All in an air-balloon ”

“ Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,
Und vot ish yager pliss,
Und vot ish shasin bison
On de blains, to soosh ash dis?
I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
Vas de pest of eartly fun ;
Boot id isn't half so sholly
Ash to go a luft-ballon.”

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,
Shdill onwarts mit der wind,
Der coom a real madness
To catch id, o'er his mind.
Und had'st dou seen him vlyin,
Dat wild onfuiate brick,
Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann
Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
In fain all dings let fall,
De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
Und id vouldn't rise at all.
Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,
Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,
Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwärts,
Ash he gling to id, of corse,
Mit der lefter hand he holtet
To de pridle of his horse.
Der horse valk on his hind-legs :
Too schwer to rise vas he ;
Mein Gott ! vot fix for Breitmann
Of de Uhlan cavallrie !

So he go for seferal stunden
Petween himmel und eart pelow,
Boot der teufel und die engels
Couldn't make der Hans let go.
Dill all at vonce an idée
Coom from his loocky shtar—
He led co his horse's pridle
Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
Vhen in dat air-ballon ?
A nople Englisch vicomte,
Milord de Robinson ;
Und mit him vas a laity,
Mit whom he 'd rooned afay,
Whom he indroduce to Breitmann
Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,
Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
Hat took als secretaire,
Likevise for pallast doo.
Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
Vhen de gas was out, dey say ;
Boot de damé vould not 'low it :—
She'd an arrière pensée.

Sait Milord : “ Afar we've wandered,
We are done completely brown ;
And I'll give a thousand shiners
If you 'll take me to a town
Where no one will molest us
Till we find our way to Lon——.”
Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
Ash he gry out, shortly, “ *done.*”

“ And as for this fair lady
To whom I would be bound,”
Sait Milord, “ we 'll have a wedding
Before we reach the ground.
To escape her father's anger
We fled to live in peace,
But she 's relatives in London,
And *they* have—the police.”

O vas not dis a voonders
To make de Captain shdare ?—
A tausend pounds in bocket
Und a veddin in de air ?
He gafe away de laity,
Und als sie wieder kam
Zur festen Erde wieder,
Ward sie Robinson Madame.*

“ O go mit me,” said Breitmann,
“ O go in mein Quartier !
Don’t mind dem gommon soldiers,
For I ’m an officier.”
He guide dem troo de coountry
Till dey reach de ocean strand ;
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann
In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann’s last adfenture
How troo Himmel air flew he :
Und it’s dime, oh nople reader !
For a dime to part from dee.

* And when she came adown
Unto the earth’s firm surface,
She was M^{rs} Robinson.

Dou may'st dake it all in earnest
Or pelieve id 's only fon ;
Boot dere's woonder dings has hoppent
Fery oft in Luft-ballon.


III.

BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

“Très estimé ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
 Vielleicht Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,
 Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.

Naturlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh.”

—*Deutsch-Franzos, Leipzig, 1736.*

OT roombles down de Bergstrass?
 Vot a grash ish in de air!
 Mit a desberate gonfusion,
 Und a gry of wild tespair
 Das sind gethrasht Franzosen,*
 Und dose who after flee
 Are de tenor of Champagner,
 Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
 De hoonters lesser shdill;
 Der Frank is ride for's leben,
 Der Deutscher rides to kill.

* Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

Ofer tickly-doosty faces
Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare ;
De blut und iron ridin
Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanan,
Der Breitmann ride de pest ;
For he mark de Fräntsch gommanter
Ish most elegandtly tresst.
Und ash he coom down on him,
Dere's a deat' look in his eye :
"Gotts ! if I carfe dat toorkey,
How I'll make de stoofin vly!"

Mit a clotter und a flotter,
Like a hell-sturm dey are on :
Mit a rattle to de pattle
Coom de Deutschers, knockin' down,
Down de moundain to a brucké—
Vhy die Fräntschmen toorn ad bay?
Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,
Und die pridge ish coot away!

Von second der Franzose
Look down mit blitzen eye ;
Von second at de brucké,
Den toorn him round to die.

Vhile mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,
 Like ter teufel shot from hell,
 Rode der ploonder-shtarvin Breitmann
 On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career?
 Vot for he pool his pridle?
 Vot for let down his speer?
 Vot for his eyes like saucers
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
 Vot for his hair, a pristlin,
 Lift oop his pickel-haub? *

So awfool—so oneart'ly,
 So treadful was his glare,
 So unbeschreiblich gastly,
 Dat der Colonel self was shkare.
 Oop come der Breitmann ridin,
 Und mit gratin foice he said :
 “ Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig? †
 Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

* Der Uhlán was not shenerally wear pickelhaube, but dis tay der Heir Breitmann gehappenet to hafe von on.—FRITZ SCHWACKEN-HAMMER.

† “ And art thou truly living?”

“ Dou livest yet—dou breaf’st yet,
Dough oldter now you pe
Since I mordered you in Strasburg,
Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.
We lofed de selfe maiden
Wohl forty years agoe :—
She died to hear I kilt you :—
Jean—how weiss your beard ish grown !

“ I would gife my Hab’ und Güter,*
Dereto mein bit of life,
Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
Und make her, Jean, dy wife ! ”
Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,
Like a liddle prook vept he ;
Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

“ Ach, de efils dat fion efil
Troo a life ish efer grow !
Had I nefer dink I killed you,
Many a man were livin now—
Many a man dat shleeps in canebrakes,
Many a man py pillow-shore ;
For dy morder mate me reckelos,
Und *von* tead man gries for more !

* “ All my property.”

“O Mädchen ! schön im Himmel ! *

(Warst schon on eart' difine)—

Can'st dink among de Engeln

Of soosh as me und mine ?

Den look on soosh a Reue,

Ash eart' has nefer known :—

Whereto hast dou a sabre ?

Wherefore not kill me, Jean ? ”

“O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !

Je trouve cela trop fort,”

Gry der Colonel sehr politely ;

“*How* !—you crois dat I was *mort* !

Mon Dieu ! 'Tis but one minute,

As we galloped to this plain,

I thought your spear, mon gaillard,

Would kill me o'er again.

“Je vous fais mon compliment,

Your tendresse becomes you well ;

Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,

Pour la petite demoiselle.

I have had a thousand since ;

One can always find such game ;

Et pour dire la vérité,

I have quite forgot her name.”

* “O maiden fair in Heaven ! ”

Der Breitmann look so earnest,
Long and earnest at his foe,
Ash if seein troo his augen
To de forty years ago.
Mit *vot* a shmile der Breitmann
Toorned roundt und rode away :
Dat was all his parting greetin
To der Cólónél Français.

IV.

BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF NANCY.



HEAR a wondrous shdory
 Vot soundet like romance,
 How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
 Vas dake de town of Nantz.
 De Fräntschmen call it Nancy,*
 Und dey say its fery hard
 Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
 Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm
 Ash Hans ride in de down,
 Und like Odin in his glorie
 Gazed derryple aroun'.
 Denn mit awfool condesenchen
 He at de Fräntschmen shtare,
 Und say, "Ye wretsched shildren !
Abboortez mir vodre mère !"

* Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine.—*London Times*, Dec. 6, 1870.

Hans mean de city Syndic,
Whom *maire* de Fräntschmen call ;
So mit a tousand soldiers
Dey 'scort him to de Hall :
In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
Der maire coom to pe heard,
Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ooterred :
"Ich temand que rentez fous :
Shai dreisig mille soldaten
Bas loin l'ici, barploo !
Aber tonnez-moi Champagner ;
Shai an soif exdrortinaire—
Apout one douzaine cart-loads ;
Und dann je fous laisse faire." *

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
His segretairé—" Read
A liddle exdra listé
Of dings de army need,

* "I require you to surrender :
I have thirty thousand men
Not far from here, parbleu !
But give me first champagne ;
I 've a wondrous thirst, you know—
About a dozen cart-loads ;
And then I 'll let you go."

Und dell dem in Französisch
Dey moost shell de neetfool down
In less dan dwendy minudes,
Or, py Gott, I 'll purn de town."

"*Item*—one tousand vatches
Of purest gold so fair ;
Dazu funf tousand silbern,
For de gommon soldiers' wear ;
Und tree dousand diamant ringé
Dey moost make tirectly come,
We need dem for our schweethearts
Ven we write to em at home !

"Von million cigarren
Ve 'll accept ash extra boons
For not squeezin dem seferely,
Dazu dwelf tousand shboons."
Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
Denn all dat he could say
Vas, "O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu
Nous voilà ruinées ! " *

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
He only make a sgratch,

* "O Lord, Lord, Lord !
We are ruined ! "

Calm and silend, on de duple,
Mit a liddle friction match.
De maire versteh de motion,
So went him to de task
Of raisin mong de peoples
Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringé,
Dey vind dem pooty soon ;
So kam he mit de vatches,
Und avery silber spoon.
Boot ash for de champagner,
He wept and loudly call
Dat *par dieu* ! he hadn't any
For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja !—de gorporal's quart have trinket
Efery pottle in de down,
Vhile dese negotiations
Oop-stairs vere written down.
Boot der Breitmann sooplimely,
Like von who nodings felt,
Said, “ Instet of le champagner
Nous brentirons du gelt.*

* “ We will take the ready *gelt*.”

Ja wohl ! Donnes cent mille franken,
C'est mir égal, you know ; *
Pid dem pring id in a horry,
For 'tis dime for oos to go."
Der maire he pring de money,
Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,—
"Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,
Herzbruder in Frankenland !

" Boot it grieses my soul to larmen,
Und I sypatize mit dein,
To *pense* of you, mon ami,
Sans le champagner wein.
Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,
Und it preak mine heart to dink
De vay dey 'll bang and slang you
If dere's no champagne to trink !

" Cela fous fera miséré
Que she ne feux bas see ;
So, vollow mes gonseillés,
Et brenez mon afis.

* " Yes, give a hundred thousand francs,
'Tis all one to me, you know."

Shai, moi, deux mille bouteilles,
De meilleur dat man can ashk,*
Vich I will gladly sell—
Sheap as dirt—ten franks a flask.”

De maire look oop to heafen,
Wohl nodings could he say,
Vhile oud indo de mitnight
Der Breitmann rode afay.
Away—atown de falley,
Till noding more abbears
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
De moonlight on deir spears.

* “ Ah, that will make you trouble,
Which I would not gladly see;
So, follow all my counsels,
And take advice from me.
I have two thousand bottles,
The best ”——

V.

BREITMANN IN BIVOUAÇ.

HE sits in bivouacke,
By fire, peneat' de drees ;
A pottle of champagner
Held shently on his knees ;
His lange Uhlan lanze
Stuck py him in de sand ;
While a goot peas-poodin' sausage
Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen
Sit round mit oben mout'
To hear der Breitmann's shdories
Of fitin in de Sout'.
Und he gife dem moial lessons,
How pefore de battle pops :
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his leutenant bemarket :

“ How voonder shdrange it peen
Dat so very many wild pigs
Ish dis year in de Ardennes.
Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter !—
I sah dem coom heraus,
Shoost here und dere an Eber
Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

“ Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
Vot flet to neutral land ! ”
Said Breitmann : “ Fery easy
Ish dis to oonderstand :
Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen
Vot you saw a-roonin rond,
Ish a crate medempsygosis
Of the Fräntsché demi-monde.

“ I hafe readet in de Bible
How soosh a coterie
Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,
Und roon down indo de see ;
Boot since de see aint handy,
Or de picks vere all too dumm,
Dey hafe coot agross de porder
Und vly to Belgium.”

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
Und got more liquor out.
Dey hearden from de sendry
A shot und denn a shout.
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
Quick ash de bullet hiss,
Und leapin out, demantet,
“Herr'r'r Gott! vat row ish dis?”

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
“Dis minute on de ground
Dere comed a Fräntschman greepin,
On all-fours a-prowlin round.
I ask him vat he wanted;
Werda! I gry; boot he
Say nodings to my shallenge,
Und only answer ‘*Ouz.*’

“So I shoot him like der teufels,
Und I rader dink our friend,
Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,
Ish a-drawin to his end.”
So dey hoonted in de pushes,
Und in avery gorner dig,
Boot, mein Gott! how dey vas laughin,
Ven dey found a—mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
Und reat in de *Gaulois*
Of de most adrocious action
De vorlt vas efer saw.
How de Uhlan cannibalen,
Dis vile und awful prood,
Hafe killt a nople Frantschman,
Und cut him oop for food.


“Ja—shop him indo sausage,
Und coot him indo ham ;
Und swear dey ’ll serfe all oders
Exacdly so—py tam !
Sons of France, awake to glory,
Let your anciend valor shine !
Und shweep dis Prussian vermin
Het und dails indo de Rhine !”

VI.

BREITMANN'S LAST BARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I vould shtate, dat dis is only
 mean de last Barty dat der Herr Coptain Breitmann has ge given
 —as *yed*. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an
 in-leading, or indrotuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de
 vellers dat vas ad de virst Barty, vhere mine swister-in-law de
 Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Heri Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,
Olim Studiosus Theologie, now Uhlan free-lancer,
 und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann.

 NOT gollops at mitnight,
 Mit *h'roolah* and yell,
 Like der teufel's wild yäger
 Boorst loose out of hell?
 Vot cleams in the somise
 Bright vlashin in gold?
 Das sind die Uhlancers
 Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coountry,
 Dey ploonder de town;
 And when dey are oop
 Die Franzosen co down:

For pefore de wild Norsemen
De Southron must flee ;
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine ! *

How dey sweep de chateaux !
How dey grab oop de hens !
Und gobble de toorkeys
Shoot oop in de pens !
Like de Angel of Deat'
Dey are ragin abroad :
You may track dem py fedders
Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,
Und der Breitmann is on,
Und mit him de Uhlans
Are ploonderin gone.
De demon of fengeance
His wings o'er em vave,
Mit deir fingers like hooks,
Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
So shplendid, of bricks ;
Franzosen defend it,
Das help em gar nichts.

* From the wrath of the Northmen, deliver us, Lord !

For de Uhlans hafe take it,
Dey smash in de gate,
Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber
Dey fighted deir way,
Till dead in de hall
De Franzosen all lay ;
Und dere shtood a mädchen,
So lieblich und hold,
Who laugh at de dead
Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,
To 'm mädcl so lind,
Spoke courtly und tender :
" Vy laughst dou, mein kind ? "
Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
Mit lippe so red,
Said, " Vy *not* shall I laughen ?
Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

" I coom here from Deutschland,
De shildren to teach ;
Dey mock me for Deutsch,
Und dey sneer at mein sbeech ;

Und since de war komm,
I vas nearly gone mad,
You wouldn't peliefe
How dey dreet me so pad."

Mit a tear Breitmann bend
To de peaudifool miss ;
"Crate Gott ! cans't dou suffer
Soosh horrors ash dis ?"
His arm round de maiden
Der hero has bound,
Und it shtaid dere goot vwhile,
Fore dey got it unwound.

"Ho ! fetch me de diamonds !
Ho ! shell out de rings !
Mit all in de castle
Of dat sort of dings."
Twas brought to de Captain—
A donderin load :
At de veet of de mädchen
Dat ploonder he trowed.

"Ho ! pring oos champagner !
Und light oop de hall !
Dis night der Herr Breitmann
Will gife you a ball.

Dat pile of dead vellers,
Vot died for La France,
May see, if dey like,
How de Shermans can tance."

Dey find laties' garments,
Und—troot to confess—
Likewise som Fräntsch maidens,
Who help dem to tress.
De rest of de Uhlans
Who hadn't soosh loves,
Fixed oop in black clothes
Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei ! for de fittles !
Und hei ! for clavier !
For de tantz of de Uhlans—
De men of de spear !
How de shendlemen ashk
If dey'd blease introduce ;
How de ladies mit beards
Were called Espionnes Prusses !

Hei, ho ! how dey tanzét !
Hei, ho ! how dey sang !
How mit klingen of glasses
De braun arches rang.

How dey trill from deir hearts
Ash dey pour out der wein,
De songs of de Oberland,—
Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,
All whirlin around,
Vent Hans mit de maiden
In Bacchanal bound.
She helt to his peard,
Und dey gissed as if mad ;
I tont dink dat efer
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild !
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teufel's own child !—

Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"

Dey'll sing it for years ;

De lords of de lanzes,

De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coountry,

Dey ploonder de town ;

Und when dey are oop

De Franzosen go down ;

For pefore de wild Norsemen

Weak Southrons moost flee,

Ab ira Normannorum

Libera nos Domine !

Europe.



BREITMANN IN PARIS.

(1869.)

“Recessit in Franciam.”

“Et affectu pectoris,
Et toto gestu corporis,
Et scholares maxime,
Qui festa colunt optime.”

—*Carmina Burana*, 13th century.

DER teufel 's los in Bal Mabilie,
Dere 's hell-fire in de air,
De fiddleis can't blay noding else
Boot Orphée aux Enfeis :
Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy?
Da capo—bravo !—bis !!
It's a Deutscher aus Amerikà :
Hans Breitmann in Paris

Dere's silber thoughts vot might hafe peen,
Dere's golden deeds vot *must* :
Der Hans ish come to Frankenland
On one eternal bust.
Der same old rowdy Argonaut
Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,
A hafin all de foon dere ish—
Der Breitmann in Paris.

Mit a gal on eider shoulder
A holdin py his beard,
He tantz de Cancan, sacrament !
Dill all das Volk vas skeered.
Like a roarin hippopotamos,
Mit a kangarunic shoomp,
Dey feared he 'd smash de Catacombs,
Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes
Lofe efery dings ish new,
" D'ou vient il donc ce grand M'sieu ?
O sacré nom de Dieu ! "
In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,
And sky like vlyin geese,
Dey can not kick de hat afay
From Breitmann in Paris.

•

O where vas id der Breitmann life?
Oopon de Rond Point gay,
Vot shdreet lie shoost behind his house?
La rue de Rabelais.
Aroundt de corner Harper's shtands
Where Yankee drinks dey mill,
Vhile shdraight aheth, agross de shdreet,
Dere lies de Bal Mabille.

Id's all along de Elysées,
Id's oop de Boulevarce,
He's sampled all de weinshops,
Und he's vinked at efery garçe.
Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,
O let me learn from dee,
If 'tis in lofe—or absinthe drunks,
Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,
Und veep away dy sin,
Vhile I go vight at Barriere balls,
Oontil mine poots cave in;
Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin—
Vhile nodings ish refuse,
'Tis all de same in Paris here,
So long ash *l'on s'amuse*.

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,
Ish boot a vancy ball,
Its cratest shoy a vild *gallop*,
Where madness goferns all.
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
Und nefer leafe a shbark,
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen—or—
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe !
O keep a liddel sprung !
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis :
To go it vwhile you 're yung !
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,
To him Spring plooms afiesh,
Who finds a livin' spirit in
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE.

DER Breitmann sits in La Sorbonne,
A note-pook in his hand,
'Twas dere he vent to lectures,
Und in oldt Louis le Grand.
Id's more ash two und dwendy years
Since here I used mein pen ;
Oh, where ish all de characders,
Dat I hafe known since denn ?

Der cratest boet efer vas,
Der pest I efer known,
Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,
Le Sieur François Villon.
He raise de teufel all aroud,
He hear de Sorbonne chime ;
Crate shpirid ender in mein heart,
Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

Salade.

Dictes moy—in what shpuut land
Ish Clara Lafontaine ?
Or Pomaré, or La Frisette,
Who blazed on soosh a train ?

Shveet Echo flings de quesdion pack,
O'er lake or shdreamlet lone;
All eartly peauty fades afay,
Where ish dem lofed ones gone?


Oh, where ish Lola Montez now,
So loved in efery land?
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes
She rollt mit vairy hand!
Dat mighdy soul, dat shplendit brick,
A saint's pecome to be,
For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make
His Hagiologie.

Und where ish La Pochardinette?
Ish she too mit de dead?
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit
A hat und fedder on her het.
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette!
Qui ne safait refuser,
N₁ la ponche à la bleine ferre,
N₁ sa pouche à un paiser.

O Prince! dese quesdions all are nix,
I sit here all alone,
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,
Where ish mein lofed vons gone?

Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,
Und Schneider's off de ving,
Some cray old reprobate like me
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.

ERE woned once a studente,
All in der Stadt Paris,*
Whom jeder der ihn kennte,
Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.
He roosted in de rue La Harpe,
Im Luxembourg Hotel,
'Twas shoost in anno '48,
Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who vouldt go hoontin now
To find dat rue La Harpe,
Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,
Und look darnation sharp.
For der Kaiser und his Hausmann
Mit hauses made so vree.
Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse
Where dis shdreet used to pe.

* There is a German student's song which begins with this couplet.

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,
A vild oldt shdory say,
A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,
Und on de nexter day,
He pooled a ribbon from her neck—
Off fell de lady's het ;
She 'd trafelled from de guillotine,
Und valked de city—deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself
If dis vas falsch or drue,
I kess he hat mit lifin gals
Pout quite enough to do.
Und Februar vas gomin,
Ganz revolutionnaire,
Und where der Teufel had vork on hand,
Der Hans vas always dere.

Und darker grew de beople's brows,
No Banquet could dey raise,
So dey shtood und shvoie at gorners,
Or dey singed de Marseillaise.
Und here und dere a crashin sound
Like forcin shutters ran,
Und boorstin gun-schmidts' vindows in
Hard vorked der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,
To cheer de beople's hearts ;
He maket dem bild parricades
Mit garriages und garts.
When a bretty maiden sendinel
Vonce ask de countersign,
He gafe das kind a rousin giss,
Gott hute dir und dein !

Und wilder vent de pattle,
France spread her onflamme,
Und deeper roared de sturm-bell,
De bell of Notre Dame ;
Und he who nefer heard it,
O'er shots und cries of fear,
Loud booming like a dragon's roar,
Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Faubourg Sainte Antoine
Dere comed a fusillade,
Und dyin groans und fallin deadt
Vere roundt dat parricade.
But der song of Revolution
From a tousand voices round,
Made a fearful opera gorus
T'o de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parricades
Dey raise der teufel dere ;
Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,
Und somedimes mit gewehr.
Dey maket prifate houses
Gife all deir arms afay,
Und denn oopon de panels
Dey writet *Armes données*.

Und ve saw mid roarin vollies,
Shtreaked like banded settin suns,
Two regiments coome ofer,
Und telifer oop deir guns.
Hei !—how de deers vere roonin :
Hei !—how dey gryed hurrahs !
For dey saw de vight vas ofer,
Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin,
In battle by de blade,
From sun to sun mit roarin gun
Und donnerin parricade.
In vain pefore de depudies
De princes tremblin stood,
Vot cooms in France too late a day
Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuuleries vas daken,
Amid de scotterin shot,
Und vlyin stones, und howlin,
Und curses vild und hot,
'Tvas dere Hans clobbered his musket,
Und dere de man vas first
To roosh into de palace,
Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de guart-haus,
Some trink des Königs wein ;
Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham,
Und prandy beeches fein.
Hans Breitmann in de gitchen
Vas shdare like avery ding,
To see vot lots of victual-de-dees
Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguants,
Vent dook de goaches out ;
Und burnin dem, dey rolled dem
Afay mit yell und shout.
Der Breitmann in der barlor,
Help writen rapidly,
La liberté pour la Pologne !
Likevise—*pour l'Italie !*

Den in der Tuileries courtyard
Ten tousand volk come on ;
Dey vas gissin und hurrahin
For to dink der king vas gone.
Some vas hollerin und tantzin
Round de blazin oldt caboose ;
Vhen Fräntschmen kits a goin,
Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin,
Who roosh madly roun de field ;
He hat rop de Cluny Museum,
Und gestohlen speer und schild.
Mit a sblentit royal charger,
Vitch he hat somevhere found,
Like a trunken wild Don Quixote,
He vent tearin oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons.
Doun vent de vork of years,
Ash de pillars of deir temple
Ge-crashed like splintered speers ;
Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,
Wild, beautiful, und weak,
Vhile millions gry arount her—
Vive ! vive la Republique !

Tree days mid shdiflin powder shmoke,
Tree days mid cheers und groans,
Ve fought to guard de parricades,
Or pile dem oop mit shtones.
De hand vitch held de bistol denn,
Or made de crowbar bite,
Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand
Vitch now dese verses write.

Breitmann in Belgium.

Vlaenderen, dag en nacht
Denk ik aen u.
Wael ik ook ben en vaer,
Gy zyt my altyd naer.
Vlaenderen, dag en nacht
Denk ik aen u.

Overal vrolykheid,
Overal lust
Maegden van fier gelaet,
Knapen zoo vroom en diaet.
Overal vrolykheid,
Overal lust.

Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

SPA.

HEN sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,
Ash maids shake out deir locks,
Und singen mit de rifulets,
Vitch ripplen round de rocks,
Und beople swarm land-outwards,
Und cities weary men,
Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark
For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und vhen he came to Spadenland,
He found it fein und fair,
For dey pour him out de péké schnapps,
Dazu elixir rare ;
Und mit a soldier's inshdink
To find a shanse to shoot,
Mitout delay he fire afay
Right in de Grande Redoute.*

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired
He pring de peaches down,
For he hit de double zéro mit
A gold Napoleon.
Und ash he raked de shiners in,
He hummed a liddle doon :
"I kess I tont try dat again,"
Said he, dis afdernoon.

Boot vhen he coom to *rouge et noir*,
A tear fell tripplin denn,
Id look so moosh like goot old dimes,
To come dose games again.
Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,
He sadly toorned afay,
"I'd rader *keep* de tiger here,
Dan vight him, any day."

* La Redoute—the gambling-room at Spa.

Und shtanding py de daple,
He saw a French lorette
Vat porrowed shpecie all around,
Und lossed at efery bet.
“Id’s all de same mit dis or dar,
Or any kind of sin,
De lorette or de rolette—bot’
Will make de money shpin.”

He trinket of Le Pouhon well,
Und from La Sauvenière;
He tried it ad de Barisart,
Und auch de Géronstère.
“Dey say dat Troot’ lie in a well,
So trink from all we can,
Und here we ’ll prove dat Troot is Health,”
Dat’s so, says Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont
He sat on hollowed ground,
Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,
Who’d raked dat coountry round.
“Mein Gott! how id vas mofe mine heart
To read in hishdory,
Und find de scattered shinin lights
Of vellers shoost like *me!*

“Dis nople boar-pig of Ardenne,
Dis shtately Wallowin lord,
Vas make him vamous py de pen,
Und glorious py de swoidt.
Und showed his hero-scholarship,
Ven he wrote to de pishop, ‘Satis,
Brulabo monasterium
Vestrum, si non payatis.’

“Dey say dat in de keller here
Dere lifes a coblin briest,
Dereto a teufelsjagersmann
Vot guard a specie chest.
O if I vonce could find de vay,
Und spot dat box of checks,
I voonder shoost how long 'twould pe
Pefore I 'd twis deir necks.”

Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,
Where plashin brooklets ring,
He see vhere in de water wild
De wood-birds flip deir wing.
“Ash de prooklet's lost in de rifer,
Und de rifer's lost in de sea,
Mine soul kits lost on water ‘plain,’”
Says Breitemann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer
He maicked, peside de way,
A rock shoost like a wild boar's head,
Vraie tête du sanglier.
Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,
Und say mit 'motion grand :
Von crate idée ish über all
In dis der Schweinpig's land.

He drafel troo de Val d'Amblève,
He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,
He shdare indo de window-shops,
Und see de painted ware.*
He looket at de fans und dings,
Denn said, " To tell de trut',
Dere 's painted vares more dear ash dis
Oop shdairs in La Redoute."

Und sittin in de Champignon,
Vitch rose 'neat Lofe's schweet hand,
He read in books of Marmontel,
Of Jeannette et Lubin.
Id 's nice to see Simplicitas
Rococoed oop mit vlowers,
Und dink soos^h virtue shdill may life
In dis base worlde of ours.

* Spa is famous for painted ornamental wooden ware, such as fans and boxes.


'Tvas here, oopon de Spadoumont
Deir gottashe used to set ;
'Tvas here they keeped von simple cow
Likevise an lettuce-bett.
Berhaps I hafe crown worldly since,
Yet shdill may druly say,
Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas
Apout so good ash dey.

But he vot vant to see dis land,
Und has nod time for all :
Eash woodland nook und shady brook :
On Herr Marcette shouldt call.
For he has baintet all to live
When de drees deinselves are gone ;
Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,
Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa—dou home of vlowers
Of ruin and of rock,
Where vild pirds sing und de band ish blay
Eash tay at sefen o'clock.
If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen
Vere melted into von
De soul vouldt reach Nirwana—lost
In transcendental fun.

OSTENDE.

Hupsa ! jonker Jan,
Die wel ruiter worden kan.

OON tidings to der Breitmann came
Ash he sat at table end,
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,
Und oysters in Ostend.
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,
To Ostland o'er de sand,
Dou und I mit pridle drawn
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und when dey shtood bei Ostersee,
Where de waters roar like sin,
Dere coom five hundert fischer volk
To dake der Breitmann in.
"Gotts doonder ! Should ve doomple down
Amoong de waters plue,
I kess you 'd vant more help from me
Dan I should vant from you !

“ If you hat peen where I hafe peen
Und see vot *I* hafe see,
Where de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie ,
Und schwimmed dat surf ash *I* hafe schwimmed,
Peside de Jersey stran' ”——
From dat day fort' de Ostland men
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him shvearin so,
I dinked he 'd nefer cease,
De Ostend oysters kostet more
In Ostend als Paris.
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman,
To 'splain dis if he may,
Und says he, “ Mijn Heer—dey 're beter hier
Als ein hundert leagues afay.


“ Und as de oysters beter hier
Of course dey kostet more ”——
Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,
Und toorned him to de toor.
Says Hans, “ De Vlaemsche fischermen
Can sheat de vouldt *I* pet,
Dey sheaten von anoder too,
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

“Der king peginned a palace hier,
De palace hat to shtop,
He foundt de beoples sheaten so
He gife de bildin oop.
Aldough das Leben hier ish goot,
Ad least Ostend-sibly”——
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut
Dat city py de sea.

GENT.

Wie kennt die stad waer alles nog
Van Vlaenderens grootheid spreek?
Waer ontrouw, valscheid en bedrog
Van schæmte nog verbleekt?

—LEDEGANCK.

 I hat gold, as I hafe time,
I tells you how 'tvere shpent,
On efery year I'd shtay a week
In Vlanderen's hoofstad, Gent.
For, oh! de sveet wild veelins,
In dat stad do mofe me so,
When I'd dink of all de clorious men
Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,
He'd veel dat heart to beat,
When mit de oldten dime of Ghent
He valks troo efery shdreet.
Und ach! de volk are yet so goot,
It gave me soosh a pliss,
Ven I hear a bier-hous spielman sing
A melodie like dis:—

“ Het was op eenen Monday,
All on a Monday free,
Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde
Unto his men said he :
He seide—‘ Mijn lief gesellen,
Ve all moest ride out land,
And trive our way to Bruges town,
Or Brussel in Braband.’

“ Und as he oonto Brussel cam,
De meisjes sprong from bed,
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head.”
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song
Recht troo my heartsen vent,
I feel dat I could life und die
All in de down of Gent.

Breitmann in Holland.

'S GRAVENHAGE.—THE HAGUE.

IN dis boem, mein freund der Herr Breitmann hafe his fiews on art pefore-geset mit a deepness und short-hood vich is brovably oonliked in Aesthetik. Ve hafe here, within de circumcomprehensiveness of dirty-two lines, a théorie vitch—shortsomely expressed—sends to der teufel efery dings ash vas efer gescribed pefore on kunst or art, und maket efery podies from Baumgartner doun to Fischer und Taine, look shoost like puddin-headet old gasbalgs. Boot to de boem. For de informadion of dem ash ish not gestudied art, I would shtate dat Adriaan Brauwer (who ish as regards an unvollkomene technik de first of all Holland malers), vas nefer paint nodings boot droonken plackguards und liederlich dings, und Van Ostade und Jan Steen vas in most deir bilds a goot deal like him.

—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,
From Rotterdam below,
To Gravenhaag und Leyden
Und Haarlem—all a row ;

He shtoodit in de galleries
A tausend works of art ;
Boot ach—der Adriaan Brauwer,
Vent most teepest to his heart

Und dus exclaim der Breitmann
In woonder-solemn shdrain,
“ De cratest men vere Brauwer,
Van Ostadé, und Jan Steen
Der Raffael vas vel enof ;
Dat ish in his shmall vay ;
Boot—Gott im Himmel !—vot vas he
Coompared mit soosh as dey ?

“ Shoost see dat vight of tröonken boors
Von tears de oder's goat :
While de oder mit a pointet knife
Ish goin for his troat.
Und a mädchen mit a tree-leg shtuhl
Ish clip him on de het,
In dese higher human passion valks,
Der Raffael's coldt und deadt.

“ De more ve digs into de eart'—
Or less ve seeks a star,—
De nearer ve to *Natur* coom,
More panthéistisch far ;

To him who reads dis myst'ry right,
Mit insbiration gifen,
Der Raffael's rollen in de dirt,
Vhile Brauwer soars to Heafen."

LEYDEN.

'TIS shveet to valk in Holland towns
Apout de twilight tide,
When all ish shdill on proad canals,
Safe where a poat may clide.
Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,
In long soft lines afar,
Der abenddroth on dunkelheit,
Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt
So quandy, left und right,
Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,
A lemon of yellow light,
Und das volk a-goin ober,
So darklin onwarts pass,
Dey look like Chinese shattows—shown
Apofe a lookin-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,
Sogar die efenin preeze,
Ish only heardt far ober het
In dese long lines of drees ;

A real oldt Holland feelin
Cooms gadderin ober all,
You 'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen
Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses!—how dey 'd mofe
An old New Yorker's heart,
Time vas—twix dese und dose at home
You could'nt tell 'em part,
Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,
Und parlors town so low
You see de crates a glowin prite
O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere's comfort-full of avery dings,
You veel it ash you look,
You knows de volks ish opulend,
Und keep a bully cook ;
Und oopon de high camine,
Or here und dere on shelf,
Dere's Japanesisch dings in rows,
Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Deres noding in dis Holland life,
Vitch seems of present day,
De fery shildren in de shdreeds
Look quaintlich as dey blay

De liddle rosy housemaids,
In bictures vell I know,
De dames und heers hafe all an air
Of sixdy years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory
Und for romantisch seek,
De ding dat mofes most teeply ish
Old-vashioned—not antique.
O if you live in Leyden town
You 'll meet, if troot' pe told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
When du werst six years old.

SCHEVENINGEN.

OR DE MAIDEN'S COORSE.

Oldt Flämisch.

HET vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg,
Ride oud oopon de sand,
Und vait to hear a paardeken ;
Coom tromplin from de land.

He vaited vhen de boeren volk
Vent oud oopon de plain,
He vaited dill de veary crows
Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox vait
In long-some hoonger noth,
He vaited dill de flitterin bats
Vere plack on Abendroth
Id's woe to watch for taily bread
Or bide forgotten call,
Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe
Ish veariest of dem all.

“ O dat ish not mine laity's prooch
Shoost now so star-like shined,
O dat ish not mine laity's haar
Soft floatin on de wind.
Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step
Vas nefer vont to go,
Und dat is niet her paardeken
Whose shtep so vell I know.

“ Dat light ish speer light from a lanz
Vitch 'll part mine pody und soul,
De floatin haar is a pennon gay
Or wafin banderol
De crayhound ish a plood-hound wild
Vitch long has diacked me here,
Und het paardeken ish a var-horse
Vot has hoonted me like deer.”

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenboig
All drue vas afery wordt,
For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,
Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.
Dey killt him armloss, harmlos ;
De plooty reiver band ;
Und puried him so careloosly
Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e'er night's plack hat toorned to red
Or e'er de stars vere gone,
Dere came de shtep of a paardeken
Soft tromplin, tromplin on.
A laity fair climped off on him
Und trip mit dainty toes :—
Boot oh, mijn Gott !—how she vas shkreed
Ven she trot on her drue lofe's nose !

“ Oh vot ish dis I trots opon ?
Ids shape fool well I know,
Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis
Dat in de garten crow.
Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis
Ash ripen on a dree ;
Het is Mijn Heer van Torenborg
Dat kan ik blainly see.

“ Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,
Ish known of anciend dime,
'Tis writ in olten chronikel
Und sung in minsdrel rhyme.
Und dis, de noblest of de race
Since hishdory pegans,
Ish shtickin here—shdraighdt out de dirt,
Shoost like some boer manns.

“ Oh cuss de man dat mordered him !

Ach, cuss him oop and down,

Ja—cuss him troo de forest roads,

Und tamn him in de toun !

Und burn his vater und moder,

Where'er deir vootshteps vall,

Mit his schwesters und his broders,

De teufel rake dem all !

“ May afery cuss dat e'er vas cusst,

Since cussin foorst pegan ;

Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss,

Acainsdt dat nasdy man !

From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,

To de smalles' of de crop ”—

Here de tead man gafe a shifer,

Und gry oud—“ For Gott's sake—*shulop* !

“ Dere's a cerdain lot of shweain,

Vitch anger always craves ;

Boot spite like dat's enof to pring

De tead men from deir craves.

I can't lie here no longer,

Und hear soosh pizen pain ;

Und since you've shtirred me out, I kess

I'll coom to life acain. ”

Mit von drementous shkreem of pliss,
 His drue lofe shtood de shock
 Den catcht him wildly py de nose,
 "Ach Torenboig—lev'st du nock !
 Ach ja—du aint'st nod tead yet !
 Dere's life shdill lef' pehind,
 Gott pless de chance dat lef' dy nose,
 Shdill wafin in de wind."

Mit hands all ofer diamonds,
 She loosed de sand apout,
 Mit an oyster-shell so wildly
 She digged her lofer out.
 "Und now dou't in free air, lofe !
 Who warst shoost now in sand !
 Dere vas'nt ish a nicer man,
 In all de Nederland !"

Where vas dit liedeken written,
 Where vas dit liedeken sing,
 Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,
 In de town of Schevening !
 'Tvas written ober Rheinwein,
 'Tvas written ober bier—
 Und wer das lied gesungen hat,
 Gott geb ihm ein glucklich's jahr.*

* And to him who sung this song,
 God give a happy year !

AMSTERDAM.

TO Amsterd—m came Breitmann
All in de Kermes tide ;
Yonge Maegden allegader
Filled de straat on afery side.

De meisjes in de straaten
Vere tantzin alle nacht long ;
Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,
Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten
Ven de sonn had gone his day,
De Dootch gals quickly grapped him,
Und tantzed him wild away.
Dere was der Prinz von Capua,
Who fell among dese wags ;
Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,
Und sent him home in rags.

Und den at afery gorner,
So peaudifool to see,
De volk was bilin dough-nuts,
Or else was fryin tea.

Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,
Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,
Mit all of Barnum's blayed out shows
In dents along de shdreet.

Id pring de tears to Breitmann's eyes,
To find in many a shtand
Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for
To see in a distand land.
De Aztec dwins und de Siamese
(Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);
Mit de Beardet Frau und de Bear Woman—
All here in Amsterdam.

De fashion here in Nederland
Ish not vot you'd soopose,
Mit oos, men bays de vomens,
Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux!
Dey hire dem for de season,
Und pecause moosh rain ish fell,
Dey always bays a higher brice,
For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere was Nord Hollander maids,
So woonderfool to see,
Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,
Und quaint orféverie.

Likewise de Zeeland boersmen,
Mit silber bootons gay ;
Und silber belts, und silber knives,
Mijn Gott !—how sdrange vere dey !

But dough de men wore silber gear,
Und de vrouws in gold were tall,
De gals vere gabblin all de dimes,
Und de men said noding at all.
“ Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,
Boot silence golden pe,
Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Goot Gott ! how Breitmann vent it,
In moonlighdt or in rain ;
Den vakened to Schied—m it,
Ven de mornin peamed again.
For to solfe von awfool broplem,
He vas efer shdill incline ;
If—den wijn is beter als de min,*
Or—de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,
Vile he vent it on de howl.

* If wine is better than loving,
Or if love doth much more than wine.

He shpree so moosh to find de troot,
Dat he lookt like a bi-led owl.
Den he say, "Ik wil honor Bacchus,
So long as ik leven shall,
Boot not so moosh vercierien
As to blace him ofer all.

De rose of lofe is lofely
In zomer ven it plow ;
De bush shdill gifes a bromise,
In winter mid de shnow ;
Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,
En van den steel genomen,*
Ve know de peautiful vill life,
Till zomer is gekomen.

Boot oh dose vas arch-heafenly dimes,
Ven by mine lofe I sat ;
Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,
Und crash dem in a vat.
Und ven her glances unto mine
In plessfool ropture toorn ;
I dink dere ne'er vas no dwο crapes
Like dem plue eyes of hern.

* Yes, when the flower is plucked.

† And taken from the stem.

Wat is soeter als de trinken,*
Ja—niet kan beter zyn.
Niet is soeter as de minne,
It smackt nog beter als wijn.
Es giebt nichts wie die Mädchen,
Es gibt nichts wie das Bier,
Wer liebt nicht alle beide,
Wird gar kein Cavalier.

O vot ve vant to quickest come,
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.
Dis life ish boot a passin from
De efer-gomin-on.
De gloser dat ve looks ad id,
De shmaller it ish grow ;
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,
He makes it fastest go.

* What is sweeter than this drinking ?
Yes—naught can better be.
Naught is sweeter, though, than loving ;
It tastes better than wine to me.
There's nothing like the maidens,
There's nothing like good beer,
And he who does not love them both
Can be no cavalier.

Germany.



BREITMANN AM RHEIN.—COLOGNE.

NOW wunderschön das Vaterland
In audumn-life abbears ;
Vot rainpows gild ids vallies ciand,
Ven seen troo vallin tears.

Und VON I'll creet mit sang und klang,
Und drown in goldnen wein ;
Old Deutschland 's cot her sohn again :
Hans Breitmann's on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighdy heart,
Too awfool for make known ,
Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car
Und tropped him in Cologne.
De holy towers of de dome
Cleam, twilight-veiled, afar ;
Und like some lonely bilgrim's pipe,
Dîm shines de efenin star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,
Und see dat all ish shdraighdts,
Denn toorn him to de city toors,
“Mein nadife land—wie gehts?”
Boot *dat's* vot all who read may run—
Fool blainly armies write;
Id's ofer all half Shermany,
Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White! O Weiss and Schwarz!
Vot dings ish dis to see?
I vonder vot in future years
Your mission ish to pe?
Also in crate America
We had soosh colors too!
Die Färb' sind mir nicht unbekannt*—
Id's shoost *tout comme chez nous*.

Next tay to de Cathedral
He vent de dings to view,
Und found it shoost drei thaler cost
To see de sighds all troo.
“Id's tear,” said Hans; “boot go aheth,
I 'fe cot de cash all right;
Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands
Vot mosdly see de sighdt!

* The colours are not unknown to me.

“Im Mittelalter I hafe read
De shoorsch vas always sure—
An open bickdure gallerie,
Und book for all de poor.
Boot now de dings is so arrange
No poor volk can get in ;
We Yankees und de Englisch are
Pout all ash shbends de tin.

“I shmiles like Mephistopheles
In shoorsch ven I see
Poor Catholics vollerin round apout
To shdeal a sighdt—troo ME !
Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,
Boot soon kits trofe afay,
Dey gross demselves, und make a brayer—
Boot den dey cannot bay !

“Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn
More goot in Italy,
Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,
For ten dimes more to see,
De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere
Apout dese Küster vays,
May read vot Mr Bädeker
If his Belgine Hand Buch says.”

Und valkin oop und town de down
 Von ding vas shdill de same :
 Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread
 Of Jean Farina s name.
 He find it nort', he find it sout',
 He find it eferywhere ;
 Dere vas no house in all Cologne
 Boot J. M. F. vas dere.* .

De best Cologne in all Cologne
 I'll shwear for cerdain sure,
 Ish maket in de Jülichplatz
 Und dat at Numero Four.
 Boot of dis Cologne in Jülichplatz
 Let dis pe undershtood,
 Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,
 While some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,
 Dis treadful trut I dells,
 Fast ash dis Farinaceous crowd
 So vast hafe grown the schmells—

* " Ils etaient deux alors ; ils sont mille aujourd'hui
 Pour ces temps primitifs le doux progrès a lui,
 Et chaque jour le Rhin vers Cologne charré
 De nombreux Farinas, tous 'seul,' tous 'Jean Marie' "
 Le Maout, "*Le Parfumeur*," cited by Eugene Rimmel in
Le Livre des Parfums, Paris, 1870.

Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'
Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm :
If *so* he wrote, vot vouldt he write
Apout dem now, py tam ?

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
Py gutter, sink, or well,
At efery gorner of Cologne
Dere's von can peat dat schmell
When dere you go you'll find it so,
Don't dake de ding on troost ;
De meanest skunk in Yankee land
Vould die dere of disgoost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann
Of schmutz or idle schein,
When he sat in Abendämmerung
Und looket owd on der Rhein
Im goldnen gleam—while pealin far
Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,
Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,
Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch,
So pure ash voman's trut' ;
De singed de songs of Shermamy,
De songs of Breitmann's yout'.


De songs mit tears of vanished years,
Made peaudiful in wein.
Dus endet out de firster tay
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

AM RHEIN.—No. II.

IM KAHN.

Were diu werlt alle min,
Von deme mere unze an den Rin,
Des wolt ih mih darben,
Daz diu dame von Engellant
Lege an minen armen.

—*Carmine Burau.*

 M Rhein ! Acaim am Rheine !
In boat oopon der Rhein !
De castle-bergs soft goldnen
Im Abendsonnenschein,
Mit lots of Rudesheimer,
Und saitenklang und sang,
Und laties singin lieder,
Ash ve go sailin 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame
Vas dere, so wunderscheen ;
Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,
Id made his heartsen pain.

Oh, dose long-tailed veilchen Augen,
Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,
Deir shape vas nod like almonds,
Boot more like fallin tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,
De glass of pince-nez kind,
In mercy to de beoples,
Less dey pe shdrucken blind.
Und gazin in dem glasses,
Reflected he pehold
De Rhine, mit all de shdeam-poats,
Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier-haus ;
De gals a-washin close ;
De wein-garts on de moundain,
Like heafenly shdairs in rows ;
De banks, basaltic-paven,
Like bee-hife cells to view ;
A donkey shtandin on dem,
Likevise her lofer too.

All dis ooopon dos glasses
Vas blainly to pe seen ;
One saw whate'er vas noticed,
Py de schöne Engländrinn.

Boot oh ! de fery lofe-most
Of all dat lofe-most pe
Her own plue veilchen Augen—
Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben ;
For beaudy oft we spied,
Nor know de cratest peaudy
Ish in our soul inside.
Mein Gott ! Vot himmlisch shplendor
Vas seen mitout an toubt,
If some crate bower supernal
Vas toorn life insite out !

Und gazin long on Natur,
Und gazin long on Man,
Shdill all dings glite vorüber,
Ash since de vorldt pegan :
Ash in dat laity's glasses,
Ve see dem bassin py ;
Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,
A schweet eternal eye.

O schöne Englisch maiden
Mit honey colored hair,
Dat flows ash if a bienen korb
~ Had got oopsettet dere—

Und all de schweetness of your soul
Vas dripplin from your brain !
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir
Oopon dis eart' acain ?

O Englisch engel maiden !
O schveet betaubend dofe !
O Rheinwein und cigarren !
O luncheon, mixed mit lofe !
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth !
O Liebeslust und pein !
Dus ents de second chapterlet
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

AM RHEIN.—No. III.

NONNENWERIH.

(Alt Deutsch.)

HE shtood peside de Kloster-place,
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,
Und dere he saw a lofely face,
He'd seen in treams pefore.

“Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me?
Feinslieb, make no delay;
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,
Und dings ish in de way.”

“Und oh! how can I go mit dir,
Or flyen out of land?
Der bischof holts me py de law,
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

“Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,
I'd follow willingly;
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shden,
Witch pinds oos to de dree.”

“Der briest who helt dee py de law
Ish now a broken man ;
Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee
Ish in der Kaiser’s ban.

“Und if de Kloster-beoples here
Vill shūop your goin to town,
Bei Gott ! I ’ll burn von half of dem,
De oder half I ’ll trown !

“Denn linger not to back dy drunk,
Boot led our lofe hafe vings ;
Dere’s milliners in fair Cologne,
Vill make you avery dings.”

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,
She schmule so heafenly :
“Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot !
I ’ll cut away mit dee.

“Und do not kill de Kloster-volk,
’Tvouldt only bring tiscrace :
Dough if I had de abbess here,
Lort ! how I ’d slap her vace !”

De moonlighdt blayed oopon de drees,
It shined oopon de blain,
’Two forms rode in de mitnight woods,
Und nefer coomed again.

MUNICH


GAMBRINUS.

"Vot ish Art? Id ish *somedings to drink*, objectively fore-ge-brought in de Beaudiful. Doubtest dou?—denn read, ash I hafe read, de Dyonisiacs of Nonnus, und learn dat de oop-booistin of infinite worlds into edernal Light und mad goldnen Lofelness—yea of *dein own soul*—is typifide only py de CUP. Vot '—shdill skebdigal? Tell me denn, O dou of liddle fait, vere on eart ish de kunst obtain ids highest form if not in a BIERSTADT?* Ha! ha! I poke you *dere!*"

Caupo Recauponatus, MS by Fritz Schwackenhammer, *olim candidatus theologiae* at Tubingen, shoost now lagerbierwirth in St Louis. (Dec. 1869.)

Cerevisia bibunt homines
Animalia ceteræ fontes.

I.

N a field of goldnen parley
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,
Und treamin' pout de dursty volk,
Dey say he gried und vept.

* *Bierstadt*—Herr Schwackenhammer had evidently here in view, not only the American artist BIERSTADT, but also the great city of Munich, specially famous for its manufacture of beer.

“ In all mine land of Nederland,
Dere crows no mead or wein,
Und wasser I couldt nefer get
Indo dis troat of mein.

“ Now hear me on, ye headen gotts !
Und all de Christian too ;
Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,
Und Marie tressed in plue !
Und mighdy Thor, der donner gott,
Und any else dat be !
Der von as helps me in dis Noth,
His serfant I will pe.”

Und ash dis sinfull headen
All in de parley lay,
Dere coom in tream an angel
Who soft dese worts tid say :
“ Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus !
For efen all aroundt
Im parley vhere dou shleepest,
Some dings goot to trink ish found.

“ Im parley vhere dou shleepest
Dere hides a trink so clear,
Dat men will know zukunftig—
Ash porter—ale—or bier.”

Und denn in Nederlandisch
He put de könig troo,
Und gafe him—allwhile treaming---
De recipé to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,
Und shook him in de sun .
“Go vay, ye sinfool headen goot: !
Mit you its out und done !
Ye 'fe left me mit mine beoples
In error und in durst,
Till in our treadful tryness,
Ve tont know vitch is wuist.”

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus
Oonto his palac 't vent,
Und loafers troo de Nederland
To all his lordts he sent.
“Leave Odin—or you lose your hets !”
De order vas sefere,
Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent
De recipé for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt
Of bildin troo de land,
Und de kirchen und de braweries
Vent oop on efery hand ;

For de masons dey vere hart at vork,
Und trinkin hart at dat,
Und some hat bricks mitin de hods,
Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,
Dey prew it on de Rhine ;
Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,
Dey make it shdrong und fein.
Und he dat trinks in Munich,
Ash all goot vellers know,
Has got somedings to dink apout,
Vherefer he may go.

II.

Hafe you heardt of Kōng Gambrinus ?
If you hafn't id vas gueer,
For he vas de first erfinder
Und de holy saint of bier.
Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,
Fery peaudifool to see,
Hangs on afery lager-bier house,
In de land of Germanie.

Efery vhere de whole world ofer,
 Deutschers paint him on de sign,
As a broof dat dey are dealin
 In de Bok und Lager line.
Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine ;
 German signs of empire, dese,
Mit a long white beard a fallin'
 Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,
 Rose from bett und vent his vay,
To a dark mysderious gastle,
 Where his lager-donjon lay.
While de lark's first song vas ringin',
 Und die roses shone in dew,
Den his soul vas shoost in order
 To enshoy de early brew.


Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,
 Till de vaults seem toornin round ;
Und vwhile tipsy—*over* tips he—
 In he falls—und dere is trowned.
Yet vwhile goorglin in de bier-fass,
 Biously he gafe his soul :
"Gott verdammich ! Donnerwetter !
 Himmels sacrament-a-mol !"

Dere dey found der kōng “depaited,”
Not mitout his stir-up cup :
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet
When he might hafe troonk it oop ;
Or dat his long peard vitch floatet
Fool a yard on efery side,
Hadn’t buoyed him from destrugdion :—
Dus der beer-dead monach died.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

Sankt Martin war ein frommer Mann
Trank gerne *Cerevisiam*,
Und hatt er kein *Pecuniam*
So liess er seinen *Tunicam*

(COMMENT BY HERR SCHWACKENHAMMER)

 ONCE oopon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberientcet an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succeedin wechsel, or bill of exghange—und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent. all de worlt ofer,—“mine Onkel,”—und poot his tress-goat oop de shpout for den florins. No sooner vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infitation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in be-taken, to geh mit her to a ball-barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin nodings, und denn wafin his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary :—

“Mein Frack ist im Pfand-haus.”

Mine tress-goat is shpouted, mine tress-goat aint hier,
While you in your ball-ropes go splurgin, mein tear !
To barties mit you I 'm infitet you know,
Boot my pest coat ish shpouted—mine poots are no go.
To hell mit mine Onkel—dat rasgally knafe !
Dis pledgin und pawnin has mate me his slafe !
Ven I dink of his sign-bost, den dree dimes I bawl,
While mine plack pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Goot night to dee fine lote—so lofely und rich,
Mein tress-goat ish shpouted—gon-fount efery stitch !
I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,
Lofe, business, und fun, has been sewin his tares.
My tress-goat ish shpouted—mine tress-goat aint here,
While you in your glorie go shinin, mein tear,
Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,
While my black pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Dis *four-goin* song vas over-set by der Hans Breitmann from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Waldherr vas kit de idée of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch pegin mit de vorts—

“My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,
Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier ;
It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,
Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh.

Dis is de original Scotch, so goot as I can mineself remember it. Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of perplexified dransitions from Scotch to English, and dence into German, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkönig—a phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider complication.*

* Rattenkonig, or Rat-king, is a term applied in German to a droll mixture of incidents or details. It is derived from an extraordinary story of twelve rats, with one (their king) in the centre, which were found in a nest with their tails grown together, firmly as the ligament which connects the Siamese Twins.

Italg.

BREITMANN IN ROME.

DERE 'S lighds oopon de Appian,
Dey shine de road entlang ;
Und from ein hundred tombs dere brumms
A wild Lateinisch song ;
It rings from Nero's goldnen haus ,
Evoe !—here he coom !
Fly oud, ye moenads, from your craves !—
Hans Breitmann's got to Rome !

For vvhile de lamp holts oud to purn,
Or von goot shpark ish dere,
Dere's hope for all of dem whose lives
Ish down in Lemprière.
Von real, *shenuine* heathen
Is coom at last to home ;
Ye shleepin gotts, lift oop your hets—
Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome !

Silenus mit der Hercules,
Dere-to der Maia's sohn,
Ish all unite in Breitmann
To make a stunnin one.
Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals
Ist shmile to see him come ;
De Vesta only toorn her pack
Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,
Where de Bope ish keep his bulls ;
Boot couldn't vind dem, dough he heardt
Dat all de blace vas fools.
Dere ish here and dere some *ochsen*,
Right manivest I see ;
Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,
Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,
Und passin' troo de yard ;
Mein Gott ! how vas he stoomple, vhen
He see de Schweitzer guard,
Mit efery kinds of colors tresst,
Like shtreamers in de van.
"Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,"
Da marked der Breiteman.

Und dus replied an quartsman :—

“ I shoys to see you here .

Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.

Dazu a halberthier.

Dis purpur kleid of yellow-plue

Vas made, ash I hafe heard,

Py von Hans Michel Angelo,

Der tailor of our guard.

“ Ve ’re shoost von hoondert dirty strong,

Ve list for twenty year ;

De serfice ist not pad, boot dis—

Verdamm das Römisch bier !

For ven mit *birra gazzosa*

A maiden fills my glass,

She might ash vell gife gift ash say—

‘ Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass ! ’ ”

Und dus rebly der Breitmann :—

“ Un Tedesco Italianazato,

Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish

Il diavolo in carnato.

Your clothes are like infernal flames,

Dey burn my fery soul ;

Boot to-night we ’ll tink togedder—nun

Lieb’ landsmann lebe wohl ! ”

At de Sherman artisds' festa,
Where all vas pright und fair,
'Tvas fairer und more prighteifull
When Breitmann enter dere.
Und der vaiters in de Greco
(So long he trinked und sot)
Vas called him L'Ubbriacone—
'Tvas de name der Breitmann got.

He saw a veller in de shtreet,
Vot sell some friction-matches ;
De kind dey call Infallible,
For dey *blazes* ven you *scratches*.
Dey dragged him off to brison,
Und tied him mit a rope ;
For in Rome dere's nix Infallible,
Dey said, excebt de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,
In Corsini's gallery hang ;
He tought apout de matches,
Und it made his heart go bang.
It's risk to carry light apout,
Too cheap for efery man ;
How de Lucifers is fallen !^{*}
Ita dixit Breitemann.

* "Lucifers." The first name applied in America to friction matches, and one still used by many people.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves,
Dey trinked from morn to night ;
Den frolicked *colle belle*
Ontil de shky crew pright.
It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,
And dus he often say :
“ *Zouaviter in modo* ish
Der real Roman way.”

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,
His eyes gefilled mit tears,
At de gotts in efery bilder saal,
Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.
Und he sopped—“ Ach liebes Deutschland,
Bist here on every hand ?
Was machst du Mephistophelés
So weit im Wälschen Land ? ”

Boot de wood-nymphs boorst out laughin,
Der Garten-gott dere to,
Und sait—“ Oldt Hans ! vile you 're apout
Ve nefer can look blue.”
Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,
To de tune of Mary Blane,
“ Don't gry pecause ve 're out of town,
Ve 're coming pack again.

“ Von day you got de yolk und vhte,
De next day only shells ;
Von day dey holts a council,
Und de next day—‘ someding eise !’
Id’s bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,
Oopon dis earthly ball ;
Boot for *me* id’s all von frolic,
Und a high oldt carnival !

“ Rise oop, dou Odin-trafeler,
Und toorn dee to de Nort,
Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,
Crate efil shall come fort.
Dere is mutterins in Ravenna,
Und ere long dere ’ll come a turn,
A real hell-bender from de land
Of Dieterich von Bern.

“ Und ven der Breitmann’s prototype,
Der Fictoor Manuel,
Cooms tromplin, tromplin troo de fern,
To give dis coountry hell
Und ven in La Comarca,
Der is shtorm in all de air,
Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,
Hans Breitman shall be dere !”

For a yar will nod be ofer
Pefore de Fräntsche will run,
Und de game at last be ented,
Und Italy pe *won*.
Und denn in roarin battle,
For hishtory so grand,
Dy banner 'll lead de Uhlan spears,
All in de Frankenland.

LA SCALA SANTA.

“Robusti sono i fatti.”

Discorso del Terremoto, del S. Alessandro
Sardo. Venetia, A.D. 1586.

IN San Gianni Lateran,
Dey've cot a flight of shdairs,
More woonderful ash nefer vas,
As Latin pooks declares.

For you kits your sins forgifen,
If you glimes dem knee py knee ;
It's such a gitten up a stairs,
I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a vaitin
Among some demi reps,
Ascensionem expectans,

To see dem glime de steps,
Dere came a sinful scoffer,
Who his mind had firmly set
To go dem holy sdairs afoot,
Und do it on a bet !

Boot shoost as he vas startet,
To make dis sassy go,

Der Breitmann caught him py de neck,
Und tupp'd him off his toe !
Und den dere come de skience,
A la prenez gardez vous ;
For he bung his eye and bust his shell,
Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briest vere so astonish,
To see him lam de man,
Dat dey shvore a holy miracle
Vas vork by Breitemann.
Says Breitmann, " I 'm a heretic,
But dis you may pe bound,
No chap shall mock relishious dings
While I 'm a bummin round.

" Und you owes me really noding,
For as I 'll plainly show :
At last I 've found out someding
Vot I alfays vant to know.
Und now dat I have found it,
In de newspapers I 'll brag :
Evviva ! Ho trovato,
Vot means a Scala-Wag." *

* *Scalawag*.—An American word, of very doubtful origin, signifying a
cow, worthless fellow.

BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE.

"Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tolfa.

Toscana ie, dite

Pria ch'io parli dite."

Bacio in Toscano, di Francesco Redi.

"Si regressum feci metro

Retro ante, ante retro—

Quid si graves sunt acuti?

Si accentus fiant muti?


Quid si placide, plene, plane

Fregi frontem Pisciari?—

Sat est Verbum declinavi

Titubo-titubas-titubavi "

Barnabæ Itinerarium. London, 1716.

 ON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his weinhaus
vinkin,

So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin,
He found his hut and goat was gone,—dey'd dook em oud
for dryin,—

Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel lyin.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and whistled,
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso
mizzled.

De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he go
vheelin,

He look ganz *oltra tramontane*, so twisty vas his reelin.

Next tay in *Vaticano*, while he shtared at frescoes o'er him
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas
shoost pefore him !

Down on his knees der Breitmann vent—for so de law is
teaches ;

He proke two holes in de bavement—und likewise shblit his
preeches.

“Ego video,” says de Bope—“tu es antistes ex Almaniam,
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terribile,
Perche non vultis che ego—il Papa—sei infallibile.”

“Sit verbo venia,” said Hans, “permitte, Sancte Pater,
Num verum est ut noster *rum* gemixta est mit water?
In coelis wo die gotter live, non semper est sereno,
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each *spaccio di vino*.

“Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,
Ego kickerem illos, validê, per sanguine de Christi !
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum
Contra infallibilità non curamus rubrum centum *

* “If we can in our monastery collect our rents, we do not care a red cent for infallibility.”

“Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,
In quodam capitulo, simul et dixere ;
Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,
Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere ? ” *

Et dixit noster presul, “Es ist mir omnis unus,
Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunus,
Si Nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus—
Diabolus curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

“Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini †
Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini :
Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm das irds’che Leben, ‡
Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott erheben.

* This verse is parodied from the lines of a ribald old Latin song,
“Viginti Jesuiti nuper convenère.”

† “If I could throw myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine” “If I could see a glass of whisky,” said an American, “I’d throw myself outside of it mighty quick.” Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage*.—
Bill of the Play, London, June 27, 1870

“Nay these natives—simple creatures—
Had resolved that for the future
Each his own canoe would paddle,
Each his own hoe-cake would gobble,
And get outside his own whisky”

‡ “Deus se fecit olim homo,” &c. A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon “Pasquin” while the writer was in Rome, during the past winter. It was as follows :—

“Perchè Eva mangio il pomo
Iddio per riscattarci si fece uomo,
Ed ora il Nono Pio
Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio.”

Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit :
 Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,
 Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione :
 Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

"Tonitrus et cespes !" dixit Johanes Breitmann.
 "Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man ;
 Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et *malleable*,
 Nunc est tuum tempus te facere *infallible*.

"In nostra America quum Præses decet abire,
 Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginare.
 Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,
 Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

"Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit—anus,
 Compulsus fuit to shin it—ut dixit Africanus—
 Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.
 (Inter alios McCloskey, tuus Hibernicus chamberlanus.)*

"Et quia tu es ; ut credo ; ultimus Poporum,
 Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cockalorum—
 Sei magnissimus *toad in the puddle*, ite caput, magnamente ;
 Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente !

* M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably depicted by Mr Charles Lever.

“Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.
Quia primus *infallible* non te proclamavisti,
Nam nemo audet dicere: Papa fecit quod non est boni
Decet semper jactare super *alios* probandi onus.

“Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti:
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,*
Non alius sed *tu* solus hanc debet proclamare.”

“Figlio mio,” dixit Papa; “Tu es homo mirabilis,
Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum Chablis
In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.


“Vero benedetto es—eris benedictus,
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.
Tu comprendes situatio—il punto et gravamen.
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi.—Amen!”

* Do you not see that if you are infallible, and wish to give it out

THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER APPEARED.

“ Uns ist in alten Maeren
wunders viel geseit
Von Helden lobebaeren,
von grosser Arebeit
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
von Weinen und Klagen,
Von kuehnen Recken Sireiten,
moht Ihr nun Wunder hoeren sagen ”
—*Der Nibelungen Lied.*

 O oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glory,
Of heroes bluff und bold ;
Of high oldt times a-kitin,
Of howlin und of tears,
Of kissin and of vightin,
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,
Since fifty years pegan,
An shuld of decend elders,
His name Hans Breitemann.

De gross adfentures dat he had,
If you will only look,
Ish all bescribed so truly
In dis fore-lyin book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
Vere goin troo his het,
De writer lay von Sonntay
A-shleepin in his bett ;
Vhen, lo ! a yellow bigeon
Coom to him in a dream,
De same dat Mr Barnum
Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shprach de bigeon :
" If you should brint de songs
Or oder dings of Breitmann
Vhich to dem on-belongs,
Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,
Die wile es mohte leben,*
Und be mis-geborn in nattle—
To dis fate ish it ergeben."

Und dus rebly de dreamer :
" If on de ice it shlip,

* During its life.

Denn led id dake ids shanses,
Rip Sam, und let 'er rip !
Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy :
Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,
Crates heroes ish de beoples
In Uncle Samuel's land.

“ Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,*
O golden bigeon mine,
Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,
If id dakes me all dis line.
Full liddle ish de discount,
Opon de Yankee peeps.”
“ Go to hell ! ” exclaim de bigeon ;
Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina
A shentleman who dinked,
Dat te pallads of der Breitmann
Should papered pe und inked.
Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin
Before de writer know :
Dis make to many a brinter,
Fool many a bitter woe.

* Thou art a very puppy.

All in de down of Charleston,
A druckerei he found,
Where dey cut de copy into *takes*
Und sorted it around.
Und all vas goot peginnen,
For no man heeded mooch.
Dat half de jours vas Mericans
Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
Had vorn de Federal plue,
Vhile de anti-half in Davis grey
Had peen Confeterates true.
Great Himmel ! vot a shindy
Vas shdarted in de crowd,
When some von read Hans Breitmann,
His Barty all aloud !

Und von goot-nadured Yankee,
He swear id vos a shame,
To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
Und make of dem a game.
Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,
Und he swear dis treat of Hans,
Vos shoost so goot a barty
Ash any oder man's

Und dat nodings vas so looscious
In all dis eartly shpeer,
Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,
Mit a plate of lager-bier.
Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,
For he, der Fritz, hafe peen,
In many soosh a barty
Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,
Mit all his passion ripe ;
Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin-sntick,
Vheremit he vas fixin type.
It hit him on de occiput,
Und laid him on de floor ;
For many a long day afder
I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
Who vas quick to act und dink ;
He helt in hand a roller
Vheremit he vas rollin ink.
Und he dake his broof py shtrikin
Der Merican top of his het,
Und make soosh a vine impression,
Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
Und drople in de wigwam
Enough to trife dem plind.
Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man
Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew,
Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms
If de Breitmann's book war'nt true.

For de Sout' vas plounded derriple,
Und in dat darksome hour
He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
Of all de land de vlower.
Bright gold doublones a hoondered
For her he'd gladly bay
Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yoiker
Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee*:
(De only dings *he* lossed in de war
Was a sense of broperty).
Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped
Some oder shap hafe get,
Und de yallow pine liked him petter ash you,
On daf it is safe to bet!"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave,
He tidn't so moosh as yell,
Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,
Und mit von lick bust his shell.
Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker,
Und mit looks of drementous gloom,
Rooshed vildly in de pattle
Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—
Anoder quarrel vas grow
'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner;
Und de row ish gekommen so:
De Yankee say dat de H-u-mor
Of soosh writin vas less dan small,
Dough it maket de beoples laughen,
Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say, by Donner!
Dat soosh a baradox
Would leafe no hope for writers
In all Pandora's bænder box.
'Twas like de sayin dat Heine
Hafe no witz in him goot or bad,
Boot he only *kept sayin* witty dings
To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed
Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon
In de pad spelt heds when you lead dem
Into Englisch correctly done :—
Den a Proof Sheet veller respondered,
For he dink de dings vas hard,
“Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward.

“Und say it vas shames de beoples
Vas laugh demselfs most tead
At de boor young veller lecturin,
When he tidn’t know vot he said.”
Hereauf de Yankee answered,
“Gaul dern it :—Shtop your fuss !”
And all de crowd togeder
Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
Soosh an awfool smock on de face,
Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
Mit a sense of his tigrace ;
Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
On dop of de oder’s hair :
It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn—
Mine, Gotts !—Vot a sighdt vas dere

Denn ofer all de shapel
Vierce war vas ragin loose ;
Fool many a vigheten brinter
Got well ge-gooked his goose.
Fool many a nose mit fisten,
I ween was padly scrouged ;
Fool many an eye pright gleamin
Vas ploody out-gegouged.

*Dô wart ufgehouwen,**
Dere vas hewin off of pones ;
*Dô hôrte man darinne**
Man heardt soosh treadful croans.
*Jach waren dâ die Geste,**
De row vas rough and tough,
*Genuoge sluogen wunden—**
Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters
From Himmel look down oopon,
Und allowed dat in a chapel
Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.
Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg,
Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,
Oopon dis teufel's dust.

* Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the line following it.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
Who lay upon the vloor,
Dere vas Soudern rebs destructed,
Who wouldt nefer Jeff no more
Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,
Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick
Ash he histel dem ofer de walls

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
Foorst vere crooshed in plood and shdorm,
Fool many a day moost bass afay
Pefore dey dook dis form.
De copy flooted o'er de pieasts
Of heroes lyin todt,
Dis vas de dire peginnin—
Das war des Breitmann's Noth.

Dis song in Philadelphia
Long dimes ago pegun,
In Paris vas gondinued, und
In Dresden 1st full-done
If any toubt apout de *facts*,
In nople minds ish grew,
Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories
 Is gebrindt in many a lant,
 Sogar in far Australia
 Dey 're gestohlen und bekannt :—
*“Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt
 Steh auss was dir kompt zu !
 Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich
 Nur dass man mir nichts thu !” **

* Go forth my book through all the world,
 Bear what thy fate may be !
 They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
 So they do no harm to me !

GLOSSARY.

- Abenddämmerung*, (Ger.)—Evening dim light ; twilight.
Abendgold, (Ger.)—Evening gold.
Abendroth, (Ger.)—Evening red.
Abendsonnenschein, (Ger.)—Evening sunshine.
Abbordez-moi votre mère, (German-French)—Bring me your mayor.
Ach weh, (Ger.)—Oh, woe.
Allatag, (Ger. dial.)—Every day.
Alla weil—All the while ; always.
Allegader—All together.
Alles wird ewig zu eins, (Ger.)—And all for ever becomes one.
Alter Schwed, (old Swede)—A familiar phrase like “old fellow.”
Anamile, (Amer.)—Animal.
Annerthalb Jar, *Anderthalb Jahr*, (Ger.)—Year and a half.
Anti Word: Antwort—Answer.
Antworted, (Ger.)—Answered.
Apple tods, (Amer.)—Apple toddies.
Arbeiterhalle—Working-man's hall.
Arminius, (Herman.)—The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of the Roman legions under Varus, in the Teutoburg Forest.
Armlos—Unarmed.
Aroom, Herum—Around.
Arrière pensée, (Fr.)—A reserved thought or intention.
Aufgespaunt, (Ger.)—Stretched, bent.
Augen, (Ger.)—Eyes.
Augenblick, (Ger.)—Twinkling of an eye.
Aus, (Ger.)—Out.
Bach, (Ger.)—Brook.
Baender-box—Band-box.
Baldface corn, (Amer.)—Plain maize whisky.
Barrell-hell pars—Parallel bars ; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
Barrick, (Pennsylvania Ger. for *Berg*)—Mountain.
Bauern, (Ger.)—Peasants.
Be-ghostet, (Ger. *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
Begifted,—Beschenkt—Gifted.
Begreifen, (Ger.)—Understand.
Beheaded, Behauptet, (Ger.)—Asserted.

- Bei Leib und Leben*, (Ger.)—By my body and soul.
Bekannt, Beknown—Known
Bellin, (Ger. *Bellen*)—To bark
Bemarket, (Ger -Eng)—Remarked.
Be-mark, (Ger. *Bemerken*)—Observe
Bemarks, (Ger. *Bemerkungen*)—Remarks.
Bemerkebar, (Ger)—Observable Should be noticed.
Bemoost, (Ger)—Mossgrown, in student's language, *ein bemoostes Haupt*, an old student
Bender, (Amer)—A spree, a frolic To "go on a *bender*"—to go on a spree
Be-raised—Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger *erhoben*
Berauscht, (Ger)—Intoxicated
Besoffen, (Ger)—Drunk
Bestimmung des Menschen—Vocation of Man, title of one of Fichte's works
Betaubend, (Ger)—Enchanting.
Bewises, (Ger *Beweist*, from *Beweisen*)—Proves.
Bibliothek—Library
Bienenkorb, (Ger)—Beehive
Birra gazzosa, (Italian)—Ærated, gaseous beer.
Bischof, (Ger)—Bishop
Biz, Buchse, (box)—Rifle. Bess in Brown Bess is the equivalent of the German *Buchse*, (Brown being merely an aliterative epithet,) French, *buse tube*; Flemish, *buis* (Still found in blunderbuss, arquebuss) See Blackley's "Word Gossip"
Blaetter, (Ger)—Leaves.
Blei—Lead.
Blitz, (Ger)—Lightning
Blitzen, (Ger)—Lightning
Blokes, (English)—Men
Bock—A strong kind of German beer.
Boemisch—Bohemian
Boerenvolk, (Flem)—Peasants
Bole Jack road—Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
Bool—Bull
Bornurtheit—Limitedness of capacity
Boulevard—Boulevard
Bounties, (Amer)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.
 " This is the song of Billy Jones,
 Who jumped the boun-ti-ce "
 —*American Ballad of 1846*
Bowery—A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans
Brantewein, (Ger)—Spirts
Brandy smash, (Amer.)—A plain half-glass mint julep of only sugar, ice, spirts, and mint. A regular julep is larger, and contains more ingredients
Brav, (Ger)—Good.
Breit, (Ger)—Broad.
Bring it down to dots.—Reduce it to figures.
Brasner—Prisoner. ~

- roosh-pinder*—Brushbinder, (Ger *Buerstenbinder*)—Brushmaker. The brush makers are supposed, probably on account of their throat-parching business to be always thirsty
- 'rummed*—growled—(Ger. *Brummen*)
- 'rucke*, (Ger.)—Bridge
- bugs*—In America all insects, especially Coleoptera.
- bummer*, (Amer.)—A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers-on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German *bummler* (loafer).
- bumming*—From *Bummer*
- bushwhackers*—Guerillas
- Bust his shell*—Broke his head
- Butterbrod*, (Ger.)—Buttered Bread.
- By-nearly*, *Beznah*—Almost, nearly.
- Game*—Game
- Gamine*—Chimney-piece
- Ganyon*, (Span *Canon*)—A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, New Mexico, and California
- Garmagnole*—A wild street dance
- Garnosine*, (Ger.)—Crimson. French, *cramoisi*
- Garnadine*—Incarnadine
- Change their lodge*—Shift from one "society" to another.
- Chroc, Chrocus, Crocus*—An Alemannic leader, who overran Gaul, according to Gregory of Tours.
- Chunk*—A short thick piece of wood, or of anything else; a chump The word is provincial in England, and colloquial in the United States
- Cinder*—Suende; sin.
- Clam*—The popular name of a bivalvular shell-fish, the *Venus*.
- Clavier*, (Ger.)—Piano.
- Colle belle*, (Ital.)—With the beauties
- Comedy*—Committee
- Conradin*—The last of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen—beheaded at Naples in 1268.
- Coot*—(To cut) a dash, (to come out a "swell,") to dress extravagantly.
- Corned*, (Amer.)—Made drunk.
- Coster*—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch
- Crate*—Great
- Crecian pend*—When Breitmann says "Dat pend of the bow ish the Crecian pend," it is a rather equivocal compliment "Grecian bend" has lately become a common newspaper expression. Smuggling done by women is called a "Case of Grecian bend" The present style of skirt, full at the back, is favourable to it
- Crislies*—Grisly, (bear)
- Da ist er! Schau!*—There he is! look!
- Damit*, (Ger.)—Therewith.
- Dampfschiff*—Steamboat
- Deck*—A pack of cards, piled one upon another
- Demperanueler, Temperenzler*—Temperance man.
- Dessauerinn*—A woman from Dessau

Deutschland—Germany.

Die wile es mohte leben—During all its life

Daz wolde er immer dienen

Die wile es mohte leben.

Kutrun. XV. Aventure, 756th verse.

Dink—he, they think, *my dinks*—my thoughts.

Dinked—he, they thought.

Dishtributet—Instead of *attributed*.

Disembulatin'—Dissembling.

Dissolved—Instead of *resolved*.

D'lusion—Instead of *allusion*

Donnered, (Ger.)—Thundered

Donnerwetter, (Ger.)—Thunder and lightning

Dooks—Ducks

Doon—Tune

Doonderblix—Thunder and lightning

Drawed he in—(literal rendering of the German, *Zog er ein*,) *Einziehen*, to take up one's abode with

Dreimal, (Ger.)—Three times

Drocks—Drakes, dragons, (Ger. Drachen.)

Druckerei—Printing-office

Dummehrllichkeit, (Ger.)—Honest simplicity.

Dunkelheit—Darkness.

Dursty, (Ger. *Durstig*)—Thirsty.

Earnsthaft, ernsthaft—Serious.

Eber, (Ger.)—Wild boar

Eberschwein, (Ger.)—Wild boar

Eckhartshausen—A German supernaturalist

Eher, (Ger.)—Sooner. In the dialect it has the meaning of "before."

Euander to sprechen mit, (Ger.)—To speak together.

Eldern, (Ger. *Eltern*)—Parents

Elfenbein, (Ger.)—Ivory

Emerich—King Emerich, hero of a German legend.

Emsig Gruebler, (Ger.)—Assiduous inquirer

Engel, (Ger.)—Angel

Englandrinn, (Ger.)—English woman

Entlang, (Ger.)—Along

Erfinder, (Ger.)—Inventor

Erfounden, (Ger. *Erfunden*)—Invented.

Ergeben, (Ger.)—Resigned

Error-dom, Irrthum—Error

Erstarrt, (Ger.)—Aghast

Erstaunshed, erstaunt—Astonished!

Erwartin', (Ger. *Erwartend*)—Awaiting, expecting.

Euchre, Eucre—Sort of game played with cards, very much in vogue in the West.

Euchred—From *Euchre*, the game of cards.

Fackeltantz, (Ger.)—Torch dance

Fancy craps or crabs—Fast horses

Fanes, Wetterfahnen—Weathercocks.

Fass, (Ger.)—Barrel.

Fat—Printer's term.

Feldwebel, (Ger.)—A sergeant.

Feinslieb, (Ger.)—Fair or fine love.

Fichte—A German philosopher

Finster, (Ger.)—Dark, dismal

Foal—Full

Foll—To fall.

Foon—Fun

Foors—First

Fore-by—Literal translation of the German *Vorben*.

Fore-lying—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.

Foreschlag, (Ger. *Vorschlag*)—Proposal.

Foresetzen—To set, put (lay) before an audience

Foxen, (Ger. *Fuchsen*)—Foxes.

Frank-tiroir—Franc-tireur.

François Villon—An old French humorous poet, whom Boileau speaks of as the first who began to write truly modern French.

Frau, (Ger.)—Woman.

Freie, (Ger.)—Free

Freischarlinger, (Ger. *Freischaerler*)—A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the revolution in 1848.

Freischuetz, (Ger.)—Free shot, one who shoots with charmed bullets, the name of Karl Maria Von Weber's celebrated opera.

Friederich Rothbart—Frederic Barbarossa, the great Emperor of Germany, and one of the German Legendary heroes. He is supposed to sleep in the Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.

Frolic—Frohlich, merry.

Froze to de ready—Held fast to the money.

Fullenden—Vollenden—To complete, perfect.

Fuss, (Ger.)—Foot

Fust or *Faust*—The partner of Gutemberg, the inventor of the art of printing.

Ganbrinus—A mythical King of Brabant, supposed to have been the inventor of beer

Gandertate—Candidate

Ganz, (Ger.)—Ganz

Ganz und gar, (Ger.)—Altogether, all over.

Garce, (French)—Wench.

Gass und Strass, (Ger.)—Lane and street.

Gast, (Ger.)—Guest

Gasbalgs—Bladder of gas

Gauer—Vallies

Gaul darn—G———n.

Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.

Gauner-sprache, (Ger.)—Thieves' language

Ge-bildet—Built, with the German augment.

- Ge-birt*, (Ger. *Geburt*)—Birth.
Geborn—Born, with the augment.
Ge-brudert, (formed like *ge-schwister*,)—Brothers
Geh in mein Puch, (German of 16th century)
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu—Dost not do it by any natural means. there is witchcraft in it.
Gekommene—Arrived (newly arrived)
Gekommen so, (Ger)—Come thus
Ge-kostet—Cost, with the German augment.
Gelt, (Ger. *Geld*)—Money
Gemüthlichkeit, (Ger)—Kindly disposition, good nature
Geny broost, (Ger. *Gansebrust*)—Goose-breast.
Ge-roasted—Roasted, (with German augment).
Gesangverein (Ger)—Singing-society
Ge-screach, *Geschrei*—Bawling, clamour
Gesembled—Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.
Gesmasht—Smashed, with German augment
Gespickt, (Ger,)—Lauded.
Gestohlen—Stolen
Gestohlen und bekannt, (Ger)—Stolen, and known
Gesundheit, (Ger)—Health.
Gewehr, (Ger)—Musket.
Gift, (Ger)—Poison
Gilt—In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, "*gilt*," implying the meaning of the German verb "*gelten*," to be worth something, and also *guilt*.
Glamour—Ocular deception by magic
Glee-wine, *Glueh-wein*—Hot-spiced wine
Glucky (Ger. *Gluecklich*)—Lucky
Glueck, (Ger.)—Luck.
Goblin—For goblin.
Gool—Cool
Gottallmachty, (Ger. *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.
Gottaske—Cottage.
Gotteshaus, (Ger)—House of God.
Gott-full, *gottvoll*—Glorious, divine
Gottsdonnerkreusschockscherenoth, (Ger.)—Another variety of big swearing.
Gott's-doonder, (Ger. *Gott's Donner*)—God's thunder. See also *Gott's tausend*, a thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none
Gottstausend, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Gott's tausend Donnerwetter* (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of *Gott's doonder*: with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.
Gott weiss, (Ger.)—God knows!
Go von—Go one, bet on him.
Grillers—Guerillas.
Grod, gerad—Straight.
Gros, (Ger)—Great.
Guestfreundlich, gastfreundlich—Hospitable.

- Gummi laticum*—Indiarubber.
Gutenberg—The inventor of the art of printing.
Guve—Southern slang for give. *Guv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.
Gyrotwiste—Snaky.
Haß und Guet, (Ger.)—Property
Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz Sakrament! (Ger.)—Another variety of swearing
Halberthier, for *Halberdier*—Halberthier means half an animal.
Hand-shoe, (Ger. *Handschuh*)—Glove
Hans Michel—A popular but not complimentary name for Germany
Hans Wurst—Merry Andrew, Zani, Jack Pudding—the latter word being a literal translation of the German *Hans Wurst*, the pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the pretended sausages, which the Merry Andrew always appeared to be swallowing by the yard or fathom See Blackley's "Word Gossip"
Harmlos, (Ger.)—Harmless
Haul de pot—Take the stakes
Hause—House
Hegel—Name of the German philosopher.
Heine, Heinrich—German poet
Heini von Steier—Heinrich von Ofterdingen
Heldenbuch—Is the title of a collection of epic poems, belonging to the cycle of the German Saga
Heller Glorie schein—Bright gloriolo.
Hereauf, hierauf—Thereupon.
Herout, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out.
Herr Je, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!), generally only used by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.
Her-re-liche, herrliche—Superb, grand, noble.
Herisen—Herzen; hearts.
Hertahog, Herzog, (Ger.)—Duke
Heralich, (Ger.)—Hearty
Herzbruder, (Ger.)—Heart's brother.
Hexerei—Witchery, sorcery.
Himmel, (Ger.)—Heaven
Himmels-Potz-Pumpe-Herrgott—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.
Himmlisch' hoellisch' qual, (Ger.)—Heavenly-hellish pain.
Hobbiness—Happiness.
Hoellisch, (Ger.)—Hellish.
Honey foogun', Honeyfuggle—Is believed to be English slang In America it means blarneying, deceiving
Hoochle perry, persimmoned—"A huckle-berry over my persimmon" Surpassed, out-done
Hoof-irons, (*Hufeisen* in Ger.)—Horse-shoe.
Hoofstad (Flem.)—Capital.
Hop-sosa, (Ger.) int.—Hop; heyday!
Hundsott, (Ger. *Vulg.*)—Mean scoundrel, hound.

- Hunk*, (Amer.)—Stout, solid, profitable. "To be all hunk" means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.
- Hut*, (Ger.)—Hat
- I Gili romanestero*—This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. *Eh'* in third line of second verse, is the German word *ehe*, "ere," or before. *Kurbente* ("in war,") is in the Slavonic and gipsy local case, or as Pott calls it (*Das Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*) the Second Dative
- Ik leven*, (Flem.)—I live
- Il diavolo in carnato*, (Ital.)—The devil incarnate, or in carnation.
- In geburst*—Burst
- In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang*, (Ger.)—In music and song all thy life long.
- Ita dixit*, (Latin)—So said
- Jeff*—A game played by throwing up types, generally for "refreshments."
- Joss-stick*. A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odoriferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.
- Jungfernhirsz*, (Ger.)—Bridal garland.
- Kaiser Karl*—Charlemagne.
- Kalt*, (Ger.)—Cold
- Kanaster*, (Ger.)—Canaster tobacco.
- Kan ik. Ik kan*, (Flem.)—I can
- Karfunkelstein*, (Ger.)—Carbuncle.
- Kartoffel*, (Ger.)—Potato.
- Kauder-Waelsch*, (Ger.)—Gibberish.
- Kellner*, (Ger.)—Waiter
- Kermis*—Annual Fair.
- Kinder*, (Ger.)—Children
- Kitin, a kitin*—Flying or running rapidly.
- Kloster*, (Ger.)—Cloister
- Knasterbart*, (Ger.)—Literally, tobacco-beard; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe
- Kneiperei*, (Ger.)—Revel.
- Knock dem out de shpots*—Knock the spots out of them; astonish them
- König Etzel*—King Attila
- Komm maidelein! Rothe waengeln*, (Ger.)—Comemaids, red cheeks.
- Kong* (Ger. *König*)—Old Norse for king
- Kooken*—Cake
- Kopf*, (Ger. *Kopf*)—Head
- Kopf*, (Ger.)—Head.
- Kreutzer*—Frederick Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on "Symbolik."
- Krumm*, (Ger.)—Crooked
- Kummel*, (Ger.)—Cumin brandy.
- Kummel, himmel*, (Ger.)—Schnapps, dram. Hans, in his tipsy enthusiasm, ejaculates, "Oh, mein Gott in *Kimmel*!" instead of "im Himmel" (heaven), becoming guilty of an unconscious alliteration, and confessing, according to the proverb *in vino veritas*, where his God really abides; "whose God is their belly"
- Kuster*, (Ger.)—Sacristan.

- Lanze*, (Ger) — Lance
- Lager, Lagerbeer*, (Ger *Lagerbier*, i.e., *Stockbeer*) — Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into *Lager*. A kind of beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes
- Lager Wirthschaft*, (Ger) — Beerhouse
- Lai bgartner*, (Ger.) — Leibgard, bodyguard. The Swiss in blundering makes it "body gardener."
- Lam* — To drub, beat soundly
- Larmen* — The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb
- Lateinisch* — Latin
- Lachen, lachen* — Laughing
- Lavergne* — A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.
- Leben* — Life; living.
- Lebendig*, (Ger) — Living
- Lebenlang*, (Ger) — Life-long
- Lev'st du noch?* — Liv'st thou yet?
- Libby* — The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.
- Little Pills* — Little bills, Legislative enactments
- Liebluch*, (Ger) — Charming.
- Liedeken*, (Flem) — Song.
- Lieder, Lieds*, (Ger) — Songs
- Liederkrantz*, (Ger) — Glee-union
- Liederlich*, (Ger) — Loose, reckless, dissolute
- Lighthood*, (Ger *Lichtheit*) — Light
- Like spiders down their webs* — Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.
- Loafer*, (Amer) — A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover* is a close translation of *rom*, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.
- Los, los gehen*, (Ger) — To go at a thing, at somebody.
- Loosty*, (Ger *Lustig*) — Jolly, merry.
- Loudet*, (*Lauten* in Ger) — To make sound
- L'Ubbriacone*, (Ital) — Drunkard.
- Luftballon*, (Ger) — Air-balloon
- Lump*, (Ger) — Ragamuffin
- Lumpenglocke* — An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close
- Madel*, (Ger) — Girl
- Maedchen*, (Ger) — Girl, maiden
- Markgraefer* — A pleasant light wine grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.
- Marmorbild* — Marble statue
- Maskenzug*, (Ger) — Procession of masked persons.
- Massenversammlung*, (Ger.) — Mass meeting
- Mein Freund* — My friend
- Meine Seel*, (Ger) — By my soul
- Mewjes*, (Flem) — Girls
- Mejn lief gesellen*, (Flem.) — My dear comrades
- Mineted* — Minded.
- Minnesinger* — Poet of love A name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries

Mist-hauf, (Ger.)—Dung-hill

Mit hoontan knufe, &c. :—

“ With her white hands so lovely,
She dug the Count his grave
From her dark eyes sad weeping,
The holy water she gave ”

—*Old German Ballad*

Mitout—Without.

Mitternacht, *Mitternacht*—Midnight

Mitternacht, *Mitternacht*—Midnight

Mohr, *ein schwarzer*, (Ger.)—A blackamoor.

Moleschott—Author of a celebrated work on physiology

Mondenlicht—Moonlight.

Mondenschein, (Ger.)—Moonlight

Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America

Morgen-kef-ache—Morning headache

Moskopolite, (Amer.)—Co-mopolite Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.

Mud-sil—The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figurative y applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society

Murmelt—Murmured.

Mutter, (Ger.)—Mother.

Naturalisationsds—The officers, &c., who give the rights of native citizens to foreigners

Nibelungen Lied—The lay of the Nibelungen, the great German national epos

Neww Farsie—New Jersey, in America, famous *inter alia* for its sandy beaches and high surf

Nig—Nigger.

Nirwana—The Brahminical absorption into God

Nix, (Ger. *Nichts*)—Nothing

Nix cum raus—That I had not come out

No sardine—Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow

Orate—To speak in an oration.

Orth, (Ger.)—Need, dire extremity Das war des Breitmann's Noth,—That was Breitmann's sore trial Imitated from the last line of *The Nibelungen Lied*

un—Now.

un endlich, (Ger.)—Now at last.

Brady—An Irish giant

Isen, (Ger.)—Oxen, stupid fellows As a verb it also is used familiarly to mean hard study

Enwald—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany

er—Other. See Preface

ra tramontane, *ultra tramontane*—Applied to the non-Italian Catholic party.

belongs—Literal translation of *Zugehort*

de snap—All at once

did to on-do—Literal translation of the German *anthun*, *to down*, to put on

ung, (Ger. *Anfang*)—Beginning

- Unendly*—Unendlich
Unshpeakably, (Ger *unaussprechbarlich*)—Inexpressibly.
Up-gleared, (Ger. *Aufgeklärt*)—Enlightened
Uprightly, (Ger *Aufrichtig*)—Upright
Upright-hood, (Ger *Aufrichtigkeit*)—Uprightness.
Up-sprung—For *aufspring*
Orgel-ton, (Ger.)—Organ sound.
Orkester—Orchestra
Out-ge-poke-te—Out-poked
Out-signed, (Ger *ausgezeichnete*)—Distinguished, signal.
Out-sprach—Outspoke
Over again—Uebrigens.
Paardeken, (Flemish)—Palfrey
Pabst, Der Pabst lebt, &c—"The Pope he leads a happy life," &c, beginning of a popular German song
Palact, (Ger *Pallast*)—Palace.
Pikké—Belgian rye whisky
Peeps—People "Hard on the American peeps"—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing
Pelamickel, Nick, Nickel—St Nicolas, muffled in fur, is one of the few riders in the army of the saints, but, unlike St George and St Martin, he oftener rides a donkey than a horse, more especially in that part of the German land which can boast of having given birth to the illustrious Hans. St Nicolas is supposed, on the night preceding his name-day, the sixth of December, to pass over the house-tops on his long-eared steed, and having baskets suspended on either side filled with sweets and playthings, and to drop down through the chimneys presents for those children who have been good during the year, but birch-rods for those who have been naughty, would not go to bed early, or objected to being washed, &c In the expectation of his coming, the children put, on the eve of St Nicolas day, either a shoe, or a stocking, or a little basket, into the chimney-piece of their parents' bedroom We may remark, by the way, that St Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikudr, of ancient German mythology
Pesser, besser (Ger)—Better
Pestain—Stain, with the augment.
Pfaelzer—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.
Pfil, (Ger)—Arrow
Philosopede—Velocipede
Pickel-haube, (Ger)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers
Pie the forms—Break and scatter the forms of types—the greatest disaster conceivable to a true type
Pig-sticker—Bowie-knife.
Pile out, (Amer)—Hurry out
Pimby—By and by
"Plain"—Water plain, *z e*, unmixed
Plue goats—Blue coats, soldiers
Plug-nuss—Fight for a fire-plug American fireman's language.
Pokal, (Poculum)—Goblet
Poker—A favourite game of cards among Western gamblers

Poonkin—Pumpkin.

Potsblitz, (Ger)—int, The deuce.

Potstausend! Was ist das!—Zounds! What is that?

Poulderne—Poultry.

Poussiren—To court

Pretzel, (Ger)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.

Presackly—Pre (cisely), exactly.

Protocollirt, protocolliren—To register, record.

Pully, i.e., *Bully*—An Americanism, adjective Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English used the word *crack*. as, "a *bully* horse," "a *bully* picture "

Pumpernickel—A heavy, hard sort of rye-bread, made in Westphalia.

Put der Kong troo—To put through, (Amer.), to qualify, to imitate.

Pye—To buy.

Rausklin', rauschend—Rustling.

Reb—An abbreviation of rebel

Redakteur—Editor.

Red cock—*Or make de red cock crow* Einem den rothen Hahn auf's Dach setzen.

A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.

Rede, (Ger.)—Speech.

Red-Waelsch, Roth-Waelsch, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.

Reizen gaen, (Flemish)—Go riding.

Reiter, (Ger)—Rider.

Rezver—Robber

Reue, (Ger.)—Repentance.

Rheingraf, (Ger.)—Count of the Rhine districts.

Rheinweinbechers Klang—The Rhine wine goblet's sound.

Richter, (Jean Paul Fr)—A distinguished German author.

Ridersmann, (*Reitersmann* in Ger.)—Rider.

Ring—A political clique or cabal

Ringe, (Ger)—Rings

Ritter, (Ger)—Knight.

Roland—One of the paladins of Charlemagne.

Rolette—Roulette.

Rollin' locks—Rolling logs, mutually aiding, (used only in politics).

Rosen, (Ger)—Roses

Rouse, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out; come out

Sachsen—Saxonia, Saxony.

Sacrin—Consecrating.

Sagen Cyclus—Cycle of legends

Sass, Sassy, Sassin'—Sauce, saucy, &c.

Sauerkraut, (Ger)—Pickled cabbage.

Saw it—Understood it

Scatterin, Scotterin—Scattering.

Schatz—Sweetheart

Schauer, (Ger.)—Awe.

Schenke aus, (Ger)—Pour out.

Schenket ein, (Ger)—Pour in, (fill the glasses).

Schimmel, (Ger)—Grey horse.

- 'chimpft und flucht gar laesterlich*, (Ger.)—Swears and blasphemes abominably.
- 'chinken*, (Ger.)—Ham
- 'chläger*, (Ger.)—A kind of sword or broadsword; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.
- 'chlesierwein*, (Ger.)—Wine grown in Silesia, proverbially sour.
- 'schlummer*, (Ger.)—Worse.
- 'schlog ihm ober de kop*—Knocked him on the head.
- 'schloss*, (Ger.)—Castle.
- 'schmutz*, (Ger.)—Dirt.
- 'schnapps*, (Ger.)—Dram.
- Schnitz*—Pennsylvania German word for cut and dried fruit.
- Schnitz, schnitzen*, (Ger.)—To chop, chip, snip.
- Schonheitsideal*, (Ger.)—The ideal of beauty.
- Schopenhauer*—A celebrated German “philosophical physiologist.”
- Schoppen*, (Ger.)—A liquid measure, chopin, pint.
- Schwaben*—Suabia.
- Schwan*, (Ger.)—Swan.
- Schweinblatt*—(Swine) Dirty paper.
- Schweitzer Kase*, (Ger.)—Swiss cheese.
- Schwer*, (Ger.)—Heavy.
- Schwig, Swig*, verb —To drink by large draughts.
- Schwigs, Swig*, n —A large draught
- Schweinpig* (Ger.)—Swinepig.
- Scoop*—Take in, get.
- Scorched*—Escorted. A negro malapropism.
- Scrouged*, (Amer.)—Pressed, jammed.
- Seelen-Ideal*—Soul's ideal.
- Sefen-lefen*—Seven or eleven (minutes).
- Seins*, (Ger.)—The Being
- Selbstanschauungsvermögen*, (Ger.)—Capacity for self-inspection.
- Selfe*, (Ger. *Selbe*)—Same
- Serenity*—A transparency
- Shanty*—A board cabin. Slang, for house
- Shapel*—Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.
- Sharman, Sherman*—German.
- Shings*—Jingo; by jingo
- Shpicket*—Spigot, a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.
- Shipsy*—Gipsy.
- Shlide*—Slide. “Let it slide,” vulgar for “let it go.”
- Shlide*, (Amer.)—Depart.
- Shlished, geschlitzt*—Sht.
- Shlop over*—Go too far and upset or spill. Applied to men who venture too far in a success
- Shlopped*—Slopped.
- Shmused*, (Ger. *Schmussen*, from *Schmeissen*)—Threw him out of doors.
- Shnow-wice*, (Ger. *Schnee-weis*)—Snow-white.
- Shoopider*—Jupiter
- Shooting-stick*—A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.
- Show-spiel, Schauspiel*—Play, piece.

- Spoons*—Spoons, Plunder
Stuhl, (Ger. *Stuhl*)—Stool, chair.
Silbern, (Ger.)—Silver.
Sinn, (Ger.)—Meaning.
Six mals—Six times
Skated—Went fast, skated (?)
Skool—Skull.
Skyugle, (Amer.)—"Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter "skyugled," and sometimes he "skyugled" a coat or watch.
Slanganderin'—Foolishly slandering
Slasher gaffs—Spurs for cocks, with cutting edges.
Slabovitz—A Bohemian Schnapps
Slumguzzlin'—Slum or sham guzzling, humbug.
Slumgullion—A Mississippi term for a legislator.
So mit, (Ger.)—Thus with
Soldaten, (Ger. *Soldaten*)—Soldiers
Sonntag, (Ger.)—Sunday
Sottilet, (Ger. *Gesattelt*)—Saddled
Sound upon the goose—Bartlett in his Dictionary of Americanisms states that this phrase originated in the Kansas troubles, and signified true to the cause of slavery. But this is erroneous, as the phrase was common during the native American campaign, and originated at Harrisburg, as described by Mr Leland
Souse und Brouse, (Ger. *Saus und Brans*)—Revelry and rioting.
Speck, (Ger.)—Bacon
Spiel, (Ger.)—Play
Spielman, (Ger.)—Musician.
Splodderin'—Splattering
Spook, (Ger. *Spuk*)—A Ghost
Sporn, (Ger.)—Spur.
Sports—Sporting men
Squander, (Amer.)—Wander. Used in this sense in "The Big Bear of Arkansas"
Staub, (Ger.)—Dust.
Stein, (Ger.)—Stone
Stille, (Ger.)—Stillness
Stim, (Ger. *Stimme*)—Voice.
Stohr—Store
Stone fence, (Amer.)—Rye whisky.

"I went in and got a horn
 Of old stone fence"

—*Jim Crow*, 1832.

- Straaten*, (Flem.)—Streets
Straight flush—In poker, all the cards of one suit
Strassen, (Ger.)—Streets.
Strauss—Name of the celebrated Viennese waltz player and composer.
Strumps, (Ger.)—Stocking
Stunden, (Ger.)—League. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles

- urm und Drang*, (Ger.)—Literally Storm and violence. *Sturm und Drang periode*, signifying a particular period of German literature.
- eynheim and Pannartz*—The first printers at Rome.
- kes*—Allotments of copy to each printer.
- ntz*, (Ger.)—Dance.
- ntzen*, (Ger.)—To dance.
- urnal*—Eternal.
- ub, Taube*, (Ger.)—Dove.
- ugenix, Taugmichts*—Good-for-nothing fellow.
- rufelsjagersmann*—Devil's huntsman.
- heil*, (Ger.)—Part.
- hoom*—Thumb
- trip*, (Southern Amer.)—Threepence
- husnelda*—The wife of Arminius, (Hermann,) the Duke of the Cherus-kans and conqueror of Varus
- ie* a dog loose. *Losbinden*
- iger*—An American term for a gambling table
- ixey*—"I wish I was in Dixie." The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and "Dixie's Land" understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, some 75 years ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as "I wish I was in Dixie"
- odt*, (Ger.)—Dead
- odtengrips, Todtengerippe*—Skeleton
- ofe*—Dove
- o House* (Ger *zu Hause*)—At home
- oriled*—To turtle, to move off From *turtle*.
- ouch the dirt*—Touch the road.
- reppe*—Stairs.
- reu*, (Ger.)—Faithful, true.
- row him with ecks*—Pelt him with eggs.
- lurchin*—Colonel Turchin's men ravaged the town of Huntsville (Ala) during the civil war.
- Turner*, (Ger.)—Gymnast.
- Turner Verein*, (Ger. *Turnverein*)—Gymnastic Society
- Tyfel, Teufel*—Devil.
- Tyfaled, Verteufelt*—Devilish
- Tyfelest*—From *Teufel*, here in the sense of "best" or "worst."
- Tyfel-shnake, Teufelsschnaken*—Devilries.
- Tyfel-strikes, Teufels-streiche*—Devilstrokes.
- Tyfelwards*—Devilwards.
- Ueber Stein und Schwein*, (Ger.)—Over stone and swine.
- Ueberschwengliche*, (Ger.)—Transcendental, elevated.
- Uhr*, (Ger.)—Clock, watch, hour, time. Used for "hour" in the ballad
- Uhu*, (Ger.)—Owl.
- Uivernus*—Oliver, another of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne, who fell at Roncesvalles, (a Rowland for an Oliver).

Und lauter guter Ding, (Ger.)—And of thoroughly good cheer.

Un-windoong, (Ger. *Entwicklung*?)—Unravelling.

Unvollkommene technik—Unfinished style or method.

Urbummeleid, (Ger. *vulg.*)—Arch-loafer's song.

Urlied, (Ger.)—The song of yore.

Van't klein komt men tot 't groote, (Dutch)—Great things have small beginnings.

(*Concordia res parvae crescunt*—Legend on the Dutch ducats; or "*Magna molimur parvi*.")

Varus—The Roman commander in Germany, conquered by Arminius.

Veilchen, (Ger.)—Violets.

Vercieren, (Flem.)—Adorn; exalt.

Verdammt, (Ger.)—D—d.

Verfluchter, (Ger.)—Accursed.

Verloren, (Ger.)—Forlorn.

Verstay, *Verstehen*—Understand.

Versteh, *verstehen*, (Ger.)—To understand.

Vertyseln, *Verienfeln*—To botch.

Villiam—William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.

Vlaemsche—Flemish.

Von—One. See Preface.

Voonderly, (Ger. *Wunderlich*)—Wondrous, curious.

Vorüber, (Ger.)—Past.

Wachsen, (Ger.)—Waxen.

Wachsen, (Ger.)—To grow.

"Komm' ich in's galante Sachsen

Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen."

—Old German Song.

Waechter, (Ger.)—Watchman.

Waelder, (Ger.)—Woods.

Wahlverwandtschaft, (Ger.)—Elective affinity, sympathy of souls.

Wahrsagt, (Ger. *Wahrsagen*)—To foretell, soothsay.

Waidmannsheil, (Ger.)—Huntsman's weal.

Wald, (Ger.)—Wood.

Wallowin—Walloon.

Wälschen, (Ger.)—Of the Latin race.

Ward all zu Steine, (Ger.)—Became all stone.

Ward zu Wind, (Ger.)—Became a wind.

Wechselbalg, (Ger.)—(formerly a popular superstitious belief), a changeling, brat, urchin.

Weihnachtsbaum, (Ger.)—Christmas tree.

Weihnachtslied, (Ger.)—Christmas song.

Weingarts, *weingärten*, (Ger.)—Vineyards.

Weingeist, (Ger.)—Vinous, ardent spirit.

Wein-handle, (Ger. *Weinhandel* or *Weinhandlung*)—Wine-trade, wine-shop.

Weinnachtstraum—lit., Winenight's dream, for "*Weihnacht*," Christmas dream.

Wellen und Wogen, (Ger.)—Waves and billows.

Welshhen—Turkey hen.

Werda? (Ger.)—Who's there?

Werden, das Werden—The becoming to be.

We'uns, you'ns—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.

“ 'Tis sad that we'uns from you'ns parts
When you'ns hev stolen we'uns' hearts.”

Wie gehts, (Ger.)—How goes it? how are you?

Wild und Weh, (Ger.)—Wild and woesbegone.

Wilde Jagd—Wild hunt.

Willkomm, (Ger.)—Welcome.

Windsbraut, (Ger. poet)—Storm, hurricane, gust of wind.

Wird, (Ger.)—Becomes.

Wise-hood, (Ger. *Weisheit*)—Wisdom.

Wised (Ger, *Wusste*, from *wissen*)—Knew.

Witz, (Ger.)—A sally.

Wo bist du? (Ger.)—Where art?

Woe-moody, (Ger. *Wehmüthig*)—Moanful, doleful.

Wohl, (Ger.)—Well!

Wohlauf, (Ger.)—Well, come on, cheer up.

Wolfsschlucht, (Ger.)—Wolf's glen.

Wonnevol, (Ger. *Wonnevoll*)—Blissful.

Woon, (Ger. *Wunde*)—Wound.

Word-blay—Word-play, pun, quibble.

Wurst—A German student word for indifference.

Wurst, (Ger.)—Sausage.

Yaeger, (Ger.)—Huntsman.

Yaegersmann, Jaegersmann—Huntsman.

Yager, (Jager, Ger.)—Hunter.

Yar, (Ger. *Jahr*)—Year.

Yartausend, Jahrtausend—A thousand years.

Yellow pine—Mulatto.

“ I lost a maiden in that hour.”—*Byron*.

Yonge maegden, (Flem.)—Young girls.

Yungling, Jüngling, (Ger.)—Youth.

Zapfet aus, (Ger.)—Tap the barrel.

Zimmer, (Ger.)—Room.

Zukünftig, (Ger.)—In future.